

a brief inquiry into (real) relationships

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a brief inquiry into (real) relationships

by [quartzfia](#)

Summary

Will you be bringing a plus one? List name if applicable.

Smaller font was below the question, although, Dream didn't have the mental capacity after just waking up to read the fine print.

Without another thought, he filled in "George Davidson" in black ink

Or, Dream's misreads an invite to a wedding, and now has to fake a relationship with the boy he's fallen head over heels for.

Notes

this work is officially dedicated to my boyfriend, stick. i love you- here's to getting our epilogue just as dnf does here <3

and, a big thank you to my beta [rey](#) :)

doves

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Head over heels wasn't even an extreme enough statement to describe how Dream felt about his best friend.

Each word that spilled over from the snarky boy's mouth was another streak of light painting the sky that amounted to his life, slowly easing any gloomy grey clouds that may have been hovering over him away with large booms of heat and blinding shades of white. It was the only way to describe the way the brunet made the blonde feel deep in his bones, hot streaks of white light dancing across a dark navy blue sky. He supposed the idea of George representing a peaceful night and the feelings he caused to rocket off deep inside of him acting as pops of light juxtaposed each other. How could something as calming and cooling as a deep night ever stir up such intense brightness deep within him?

Dream had always taken a fondness for the moon, for this reason. Its existence, its light contrasting against the almost black night accompanying it, was within itself a contradiction to the rest of the world, but to the tall blonde, it had always made perfect sense. Even in the darkest and deepest spaces of tranquility, light was always present, sending sparks across skin or grass or even between heartstrings.

Deep down, the blonde had known his intense feelings for his best friend could possibly cause more than an avalanche of issues and complicated situations most likely leading to tears and the shattering of the perfect night he had thought they'd built together. Although, that was always a problem for a future Dream, a future version of himself where things like the rate of which his heart thumped while soft waves lay in his lap with a goofy smile or how his bed had felt lacking and he'd continuously awoken to suspiciously empty sheets despite having no one else to reside in them, mattered.

Dream was content nonetheless. He lived with his two best friends, his soulmates, even, and he'd grown more than okay with the idea that he wouldn't be able to hold onto and keep George tied down to their tight-knit group forever.

Or, 'more than okay' was a *strong* phrase. He'd begun to accept it, as watching shooting stars fly across navy expenses would always be more beautiful than trapping and locking them up while they're destined to continue to soar.

He'd stared at the fancy envelope for longer than would be expected, as he tried to wrack his brain as to what type of friend or relative would use such detailed lace on something as simple as an envelope. Dream leaned his arms over the marble counter and gently started to pull on the tabs of the envelope to open it as delicately as possible. Idly, he felt something soft brush by his legs and a soft meow ring through his ears. A huffed laugh came from him as he shook his head and didn't take his eyes from the object in hand.

After peeling back the seal, he lifted the item inside and let out a soft gasp of remembrance as he

read the front. Beautiful silver writing amounting to ribbons across the white card spelling out “You’re Invited” lay in front of him, a creme-colored dove in the corner reminding him of where the card was from.

As he opened the invitation, it had all come flooding back to Dream in an instant. His cousin had gotten engaged six months prior and hadn’t been in close enough contact to hear updates on where or when the actual wedding would take place. A soft smile fell on his face as he opened the card and skimmed the basics of the event, idly noting that he’d definitely be leaving town for a few days if not longer to stay with family prior. His mom had always been a stickler on family events requiring extra time before to spend getting into the zone of being around relatives. He presumed it’d be the same situation here, and in all honesty, he’d never truly minded it all that much.

Dream turned his back from where the card lay and grabbed a random pen that laid against the cold counter, before shifting back and leaning over the card once again. His eyes lazily scanned the places he’d needed to mark, mentally checking through everything in his head.

Will you be attending? Yes

Do you agree to the formal dress code policy? Yes

Do you agree to the children’s policy? Yes

He laughed a bit at that one, the memories of him and his siblings being a nuisance at the mercy of other extended family events flooding back to him. His parents would joke all the time that their generation of kids in the family would be the reason rules like this would be added to gathering cards.

Will you be bringing a plus one? List name if applicable.

Smaller font was below the question, although, Dream didn’t have the mental capacity after just waking up to read the fine print. His first thought was to instantly start writing a neat capital ‘G’ in the space provided before he moved his pen away from the cardstock. Dream paused, staring blankly into the wall ahead of him as his mind continued to cycle through the possibilities for what exactly to do.

Reaching into his pocket, Dream slid his phone into his hand and rest his forearms against the counter next to the invite before starting to open his messages.

To: George :D

I know you’re out but I have to ask you something

From: George :D

thank god you’re finally awake sapnap has been crabby this whole time

Dream huffed a laugh, not being able to contain the bright smile already beginning to appear on his face just by the simple presence of his best friend on the other side of a device.

To: George :D

I can't even leave you two to pick up milk? Seriously?

From: George :D

he started it!

From: George :D

not my fault he's the one bitching about what brand of milk he wants

That *did* sound like Sapnap, to Dream. He had heard shuffling around the boy's room the night prior and had assumed he hadn't been able to sleep well, which would explain the awful mood he was in.

To: George :D

True, very true

To: George :D

Okay, so I was wondering if you'd wanna be my plus one for this wedding I was invited to

His typing bubble staggered a bit, George had assumedly been typing and retyping, before a shittily taken selfie of a smiling brunet and very temperamental Sapnap behind him was sent, with 'YES' written in sloppy finger-writing. The sight of the boy alone, cheeks flushed a tad red, eyes bright and filled with the purest of white light, smile spread wide and upwards, and hair fluffing out in soft waves, made Dream's knees weak. He almost felt his body buckle with the intense and bright shine flooding him that was definitely not caused by the blue light in his phone. Something as simple as the way his cheeks curved could send Dream's head spinning in an instant, world molding together into a cloud of warmth and shroud anything that may come between him and George.

From: George :D

if you couldnt tell by my picture, yes, duh. we can talk about like specifics when i get home

From: George :D

speaking of which we're picking up lunch what do you want

Before he could get too wrapped up with the brunet (a far too frequent occurrence), he glanced at the invite again and noticed a small box in the corner surrounded by dainty silver flowers.

Can be mailed back as a physical RSVP or sent as a picture to Sophie :)

The only thing lighthearted about the card, oddly enough. Without another thought, he filled in “George Davidson” in black ink before taking a quick picture and opening a new message. A part of him struggled at what else to say aside from the picture itself, but after a few tries he came up with something he found half decent.

To: Soph :P

[Attachment: 1 Image]

Very excited to come! It'll be great to introduce you guys to George too. :)

A good chunk of his family, and everyone his age he was related to, knew about George and the close-knit friendship they'd had for years. Even his *Mom* had texted him the week before George arrived more giddy than he expected she'd be (and more than she had with Sapnap, which made little sense to the blonde).

He didn't dwell on the matter as he got another text from George.

From: George :D

[Attachment: 1 Image]

sapnap was mad so we got chipotle, i just got your regular :]

From: George :D

can you tell him to stop being rude to me when we get home i don't have you to come to my defense right now

With a sigh, Dream started typing, ignoring the raging warmth flooding through his veins and rushing to his head. Stark white clouds and fiery stars filled his vision.

To: George :D

Always need a knight in shining armor to save you?

From: George :D

only if its you, then yeah

The blonde swallowed, head reeling far too deep into intense thought. The whirlwind of intense joy had become somewhat of a constant since his closest friends had united in one place, after years of tears, desire, and far too many calls filled with desperation to get *one* look in real life at the other.

Dream could say he finally had a home, and one he was proud of at that.

A small meow took him out of his haze, shaking his head as he knelt down to his cat's level, affection flooding his system as she purred beneath his hand.

"C'mere, I'll get you food, yeah?"

Her paws patted against the hard floor as Dream stood up to move to his fridge to prepare Patches her food (even his *cat* lived like a queen, that's how much he loved those he held close).

She was a part of what made his home, too, who previously kept him company during nights filled with grief and sorrow at the fact that he couldn't walk into the other room and grip on tightly to a short brunet boy he'd been trying to give the world since the day they met.

He'd always be grateful for her love; always there when the people he needed couldn't be. Dream smiled down at her, before turning back to the fridge, cheeks slightly in pain from the constant curving of his lips.

"You asked *George* and not *me*?" Sapnap exclaimed, again, as the brunet next to him continued his intense laughing fit. Dream had to continue to restrain himself from his own giggles, covering them with bigger breaths than he'd normally take.

"Listen, *listen!* I assumed you'd rather be at home than at some stuffy wedding with two people who-

"I've literally met Sophie multiple times!"

George lost it at that, falling forwards completely with raucous laughter, his face and collarbones flooded a bright red. Dream couldn't help but feel a bit of embarrassment flow through him as the acknowledgment. It just made *sense* to invite George instead of Sapnap, he couldn't completely place why.

And sure, *maybe* a part of it was wanting to see George in a suit looking put together and with his winning smile still bright and gleaming as a moonlit sky, or being able to talk about family drama at their small corner table, whispering in each other's ears and having to sit with their legs touching, or that he might be able to ask him to slow dance as a "joke" since everyone else would be and he'd *finally* get to know what George's waist would feel like against his hands, body pressed close and if he closed his eyes hard enough he could imagine-

Nope. Definitely not any of that.

“You’d goof off the whole time, and you *know* how Soph’s been dreaming of this her entire fucking life, we have to be, like, professional about it.”

Sapnap’s eyes narrowed in on George, barely containing himself as he tried to hold back giggles and smirks.

“You think *this* guy, would be any less disruptive than *me* ?”

Dream let his eyes fall between the two, staring into both of the pair and thinking on each. It took a few seconds before his reply came in a deadpan.

“Yeah.”

A loud groan fell from Sapnap as he leaned back in his chair, hands moving to cover his face. George had finally managed to quell his laughs and get his words out, as Dream’s mouth curved into a smirk.

“I’m very mature actually, Sapnap-”

“-Do *not* talk to me right now,” He interrupted, the faintest hint of a smile appearing at the edges of his face, “Dream you gave up the opportunity for us to have the most mind-blowingly passionate slow dance, *and* eat cake together, do you *see* the catastrophe you’ve caused?”

Dream shook his head, snorting at the comment, and giving an eye roll with it too. Maybe a part of him *did* feel just a tiny bit bad for his friend, as it was kind of shitty to not even offer it. But how could he help it when George had sent beams of light straight through his heart, putting under hypnosis for the past month and a half?

“We *get* it, you’re head over heels hopelessly in love with George but could you *please* -”

“-You’re *so* stupid,” Dream interrupted, more laughs coming from the brunet and himself as Sapnap continued to rave.

“Don’t shoot the messenger! ‘*Georgie!* Would you *please* help me with this video?’ ‘Oh, George of course I’ll edit two of your videos because you don’t feel like it!’ ‘Oh’-”

“*Thank you* , Sapnap!” Dream interrupted again, cringing at the high-pitched voice his friend had forced onto him as he spoke. “And for the record, I don’t sound like that,”

George looked up at the blonde mischievously as he started to speak.

“No, but you *do* sound like this.”

He pinched his nose causing a very nasally obnoxious tone to be added to his voice.

““You’re such an idiot, Sapnap,”

Despite the impression being awful, and almost rude to Dream, he started to laugh as he saw the bright quality of the brunet’s face while he imitated the blonde.

His laugh was that of a song, one of silver and beaming lights that Dream would never be able to rid himself of. One he’d never be sick of, and rather would choose to drown six feet below silvery toned water filled with love and infatuation than live without.

With love filling his brain, and laughter in his ears, he couldn’t bring it in himself to feel bad for the mock frustration from Sapnap.

A buzz was felt against his sweats, and he quickly moved to check his phone.

From: Soph :P

Aww that's so exciting! Congrats to you guys :) Will see you soon

The wording was odd. A congratulations for finally living together after years of being friends he supposed was warranted. After typing out a quick, 'Thank you, you too!', he slid his phone back into his pocket without another thought.

Chapter End Notes

first outlined this in april, and now am finally writing it. will be one hell of a ride :)

[my twitter](#)

just one

Chapter Summary

Dream made a mistake, and a big one at that. George receives it better than he does.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream awoke to his phone continuously buzzing against the sheets next to him, eyes groggily coming to focus with the world around him as the sound continued through his ears. He suppressed a groan at the fact that he hadn't put his phone on do not disturb the night before, rolling onto his back and letting his palms cover his eyes and drag down his cheeks and chin, forcing himself awake far earlier than he normally did or intended.

It took a few seconds of the blonde lifelessly staring at the ceiling for his mind to wake up, blinking away the hunger for sleep still deep seeded in his eyes. Dream sat up and patted the space next to him before his hand met his phone and he brought it into his lap.

The first dead giveaway something was definitely wrong: his sister had texted him seven times within the past minute. His eyes shot open at the immediate notifications he could read, before noticing a missed call from his mom, and two texts.

From: Sades :P

YOU DIDN'T TELL ME???

From: Sades :P

WHAT THE FUCK??

From: Mom :)

Call me as soon as you wake up, I'm so excited!

He swallowed before shakily opening his phone, barely noticing the other notifications across his blue-lit screen, eyes fixated on whatever the hell his family was doing in his messages. Dream wracked his brain for anything and everything they could be excited about, a milestone, a trip, *anything*, and through his scrambling he was left empty handed and filled with clouds of confusion.

His mom said *excited*, so it must be good news? Maybe *he* didn't even know yet and-

From: Sades :P

*WE HAD TO FINDOUT YOUNGGOERGE WERE DATING THROUG A FUCKIGN WEDDING
INVITE??????????????*

His eye contact couldn't be broken from the grey bubble clear as day on his screen. Dream's throat tightened, his head was burning, and he felt like all the oxygen from the Earth had been selfishly ripped away from him in a ruthless act of defiance against him and his hopeless crush.

Did I really miss something on the invite?

It took the blonde a minute to gather himself, blinking a few times, before he could even look at the other texts his younger sister spammed him with.

From: Sades :P

HELLO???

From: Sades :P

oh my god you cannot ghost me rn ill actually kill you

From: Sades :P

CLAY.

From: Sades :P

IM SO. ????????!?!?!?

From: Sades :P

YOU DIDN'T TELL ME???

From: Sades :P

WHAT THE FUCK??

Despite the dread and anxiety he was feeling deep at his core, confusion had still taken over a majority of his brain. A *wedding invite*? The one he'd sent the day prior? Nothing on there even *remotely* had mentioned romance, right?

He shook his head, the fantasy of what it would be like to take George to a wedding as his *date* completely took over his mind and swallowed it whole. Walking in dressed in clean suits, an arm around the brunet's waist with wide smiles, being able to introduce far extended family members to his *boyfriend* George only to receive even brighter smiles and more enthusiastic introductions, leaning down to whisper into his ear at dinner to crack jokes and tell short stories of people there, pointing them out subtly after continuously making the shorter giggle, being able to unabashedly show the light in his eyes everytime he looked down at George, be it talking with family or simply during a quiet moment in between chaos, the warmth and tender *affection* within each and every

glance, holding him close during a slow dance and cooing soft praises of love as he held the boy closer to him, refusing to let him slip away-

Dream blinked, almost painfully hard, before shoving the dreams and sweet thoughts as far out of his mind as he could. The texts and outlandish scenarios were only making the throbbing pain of his weary heart worse, each notion of even being *capable* of showing George how much he loved him, breaking it just a bit more.

He swiped out of Sadie's messages, planning to respond later, as he moved to call his mom, briefly reading what she'd said which only made his chest ache more.

From: Mom :)

Sweetie, I'm so proud of you!!!

From: Mom :)

Call me as soon as you wake up. I'm so excited!

With a deep sigh, he mentally prepared to explain the misunderstanding. He assumed Sophie had mistaken his plus one as a date, and as the romantic she is probably ran to his mom all excited to hear the details. A part of him wanted to be upset with her for causing the slight confusion, but he truly couldn't hold it against her; she'd always wanted the best for him, and especially for him to have good relationships after those they both had been through in the past. A well-meaning favorite cousin was not someone Dream could stay mad at for long.

His phone rang twice before his mom had picked up.

"Mom?" Dream started, shaky to start. "Hey, I just wanted t-"

"- Clay! I cannot tell you how excited I am that you two are *finally* together. When Sophie sent me the picture of the RSVP my mouth fell *open* I was so shocked. Happy shocked! Not badly shocked! I never thought you'd have the guts to do anything!"

Dream winced at the words. He really hated shutting down his mom, especially when she was more than ecstatic about what she was talking about.

"Mom, we-"

"-Oh but once I saw his name I just *knew* that Soph making plus ones' partners only was a good idea! She'd texted me beforehand asking about it but she was worried about-"

Her ramblings faded out against the white noise of the blonde's brain at the words, mouth slightly agape as the grip on his bedsheets tightened exponentially. With a quick head turn up, his body was bolting into the kitchen without a care in the world for who may be up or woken up by the noise. Sliding into the tile room, he quickly fell to his knees and opened the silver trash can leaning against his fridge, phone becoming sandwiched between his tensed shoulder and cheek. Dream couldn't breathe as he took out the crumbled card and flattened it onto the marble counter, squinting his eyes to read the-

Italicized grey letters underneath the neatly printed "George Davidson" sealed his fate.

**Plus ones' must be partner only by request of bride and groom. No exceptions.*

The mistake was small, miniscule, minute, *dumb* , but Dream had felt like his entire world was ending.

Dream knew he should fess up then and there that he'd made a dumb mistake and would text Sophie immediately clarifying that so he could fix it and that he just wouldn't have a plus one with him. Humiliation, but nothing he wasn't used to.

“-everyone else in the family knows and they are just *thrilled* , even Sue and Peter were so excited to meet him and get to-”

Dream knew his mother well enough to know that when she said “everyone” she meant *everyone* . His stomach flipped in hideous knots at the knowledge that his extended family across the country in LA probably knew that “him and George had *finally* gotten their act together!” or whatever his mom was telling people.

His face paled as his free hand moved to push back the wavy hair flopping into his eyes as he transfixed onto the small writing underneath his best friend's name.

How could he tell her now that *no* , he and his best friend were not dating, and in fact he was simply a boy head over heels for someone who would never feel the same way about him even if the moon and stars collided into a fiery explosion? The sheer joy and hope in his mom's voice was enough to tug at his heart and make the words feel impossible to say.

“Clay? Clay, honey, are you still there?”

Dream swallowed at the soft words.

“Yeah, yeah Mom, M' still here,” He managed out. There was a soft pause before she had continued her words, much slower and sweeter than the fast paced and rapid pace from before.

“You know, I'm really proud of you. I know things haven't been, well, the *easiest* since- since everything, especially with relationships,”

Dream's frantic face had melted into that of soft care. His family had seen him through all of his less than stellar college years chalk full of unhealthy relationships that wounded him far worse than he'd ever believed he could be. Memories of him apologizing to his sister far too many times for shutting her out during those times took him like a tidal wave.

“I know how much he means to you, and I'm really happy for the both of you. Truly.”

Surely being able to bring someone along to his parents' house the day of wouldn't be that bad?

“Th-Thanks Mom,” Dream stuttered out.

Surely it wouldn't be *that* bad.

“I'll tell him that when he wakes up.”

Pretending to date your best friend who you'd jump off a cliff for if they asked you to and desperately want to call yours during a wedding with your entire family spectating couldn't

possibly go awful, right?

A muffled shout was heard on the other end of the line, before she had much time to respond.

“Oh! I’m sorry to cut this short, dear, but I promised Sadie I’d drop her off at her friend’s, so we’ll finish this later.”

The hand on the counter gripped tighter as Dream drummed his fingers against the cool surface and bit his lip.

“Alright, I’ll talk to you later then?”

“Yes! Please tell George I say hi, too!”

Dream hummed in response before she continued.

“Okay, bye Clay!”

“Bye Mom.”

The phone fell dead still pressed against his ear, his eyes transfixed onto the white cardstock in front of him, the fate of his own doings laid out like a map. Dream groaned and let his head fall against his arms on the countertop, mind swimming with thoughts and confusion and *dread* to top off the killer morning he’d had. He couldn’t get his mom’s words out of his head, taunting him like a sadistic game of life he could never escape from, the light he’d once been drawn to out of desire and unadulterated love was now blinding and piercing through each of his organs with a bloody rip. How on Earth was he supposed to explain this to George? To his best friend who he *knew* could never *possibly* feel the same about him as he did?

I know how much he means to you, and I’m really happy for the both of you.

...that you two are finally together.

...everyone else in the family knows and they are just thrilled...

I never thought you’d have the guts to do anythi-

His head shot up out of his arms as he remembered the words, face growing redder and redder with each passing realization about the sentiment.

“How does she-” He mumbled in disbelief, before letting out a half-hearted breath of a laugh and covering his face with his hand yet again.

His *mom* could see the hearts in his eyes yet he’d only come to terms with his feelings a few months ago? With the realization that he really needed to ask her a few things on how she knew about his crush before even he did, a weighted and terrifying question came to the forefront of his mind with crystal clarity.

What the hell have I gotten us into?

So *maybe* Dream was being a *little* too anxious about the whole situation.

Since the phone call with his mom, he felt like every nerve ending in his body was being electrocuted all at once whenever he so much as *looked* at George. He jumped when the brunet walked into the kitchen that afternoon with bleary eyes and a soft yawn, words tumbling over haphazardly and far too quick to be taken as normal, eye contact being extremely hard to maintain. The brunet took it as nothing, far too tired to think rationally, as he slumped back to his room shortly after.

All day Dream had come so close to just *telling* George what had happened, the words on the tip of his tongue wanting to spill over and confide the embarrassment of a confession, but the more he tried the more his brain couldn't control the spike of anxiety when realizing he'd have to ask if his *best friend* was okay with *fake dating* him for a wedding.

The first time was in the kitchen when he couldn't get two words out without speaking far faster than understandable. The next, he'd walked into George's room with every intention of sitting on his bed and telling him straight up, the invite behind his back pressed against his palm, only to feel himself deflate as the brunet started groaning on about a video he was editing and how desperate he was to simply not do it. The third, was before dinner, the pair alone in the kitchen yet again as Dream's mind screamed at him to say *something*. That time, Sapnap had interrupted, barging in with bright eyes and a smooth explanation of a sub thirty world record run he'd just done, immediately destroying any type of good atmosphere to speak on any serious matter.

George was now next to Dream in their living room, a large white blanket spreading across both ends of the couch and covering both of their bodies. Neither knew how late it was, and truly, neither cared as their eyes were fixated on the TV in front of them, a playlist of old Mr. Beast videos being their choice of entertainment tonight.

There it was, the pangs of anxiety as Dream realized that *this* was the moment he should take and just word vomit what he needed to get out. In a haste, he whipped his head to stare at the brunet who jumped at the sudden movement before giving the softest and most gentle laugh Dream had heard in all his years. Light filtered through a window in the early morning, clean white sheets, kisses on milky skin with just delicacy so as to not cause any damage, touching piano keys and gingerly playing out melodies of buttercream, rain clearing out of the sky and blinding streaks piercing through clouds to *finally* -

"God, Dream, don't *scare* me like that," George said, in between soft laughs. Dream couldn't breathe for more reasons than he could count as brown eyes crinkled together and shoulders shook with each pang of his chest. It took all of him to not say the strings of words floating through his brain, praises and strings of compliments far too intimate for what their relationship was.

He took a breath, attempting to give a smile that preemptively apologized profusely. He *knew* nothing could come between him and George, but some part of him deep down was terrified he'd be disgusted at the idea of even *fake* dating Dream. It all made him ill to analyze too hard, and only rushed him to speak more.

"You- You know the wedding?"

George looked at him with confusion and wide eyes.

"Your cousin's? Yeah?"

Dream looked at the screen to the right of him, then back to George and had to restrain himself from audibly gasping at how goddamn gorgeous the brunet looked with the blue light pouring onto his pale skin and topaz hair, hues blending into something more beautiful than the sunlight he'd always been able to compare him to. Something akin to a flower blooming at sunset, oranges and

blues mixing to become something greater than that of them individually. Petals falling against crisp green grass as the last of spring sun is swallowed by a tranquil darkness.

Beauty in its purest form, love so well crafted Dream couldn't believe he held a piece of it in his own battered heart.

"Mhmm," Dream hummed, face being painted shadows of red. "You're gonna make fun of me, but, I- I made a mistake."

Something was brewing in George's mind, and Dream wanted more than anything to be able to see what that thing was. Although, as his face dropped, the blonde didn't know if he'd be able to handle the thoughts behind his deep brown eyes.

"What do you-" He started, voice breathy. "What d'you mean?"

Dream squeezed his eyes shut, a galaxy of white stars just behind his eyelids for the fraction of a second he dared to look, breathing again before he continued slowly.

"I-I just skim things when I read them, and so when I put you as my plus one I had *assumed* it wouldn't be a problem but-"

"-It's fine, Dream," George cut in, ice lacing his voice as his arms were brought to hug himself. The blonde lifted an eyebrow as he watched George close off more. "I get it, I-I really do."

"I- I haven't even gotten to what I'm asking?"

"I can pick up context clues." He bit back. Dream winced at the tone, but still couldn't wrap his head around the words, before the brunet continued. "You can take Sapnap instead, it makes sense they'd only want people they know."

Instantly relief consumed Dream like a tidal wave, and he let himself take a deep breath before a wide smile and low chuckle took over his face.

"That's not what I'm saying at all," Dream said, words gentle as his large hands on the soft fabric of the blanket. George looked back at him, the hazy eyes from before with a newfound curiosity and something the blonde truly couldn't make out, try as he might.

"My uh- *mom* called my this morning, all- all excited and I was really confused but then she said she 'knew through Sophie' and I should've *known* her response to my RSVP was weird, but I-I dunno I just didn't really *think* I could've missed something."

Dream looked down hopefully into George's eyes, trying to avoid explicitly saying what he needed to as much as he could, before realizing he'd have to bite the bullet. It took all of him to complete the puzzle George was very clearly desperately trying to put together.

"*Apparently* Sophie only wanted plus ones' to be, uh, partners."

There was a pause before George's face flushed a deep red. Anticipation pumped through Dream's body as he frantically spoke.

"And- And I *tried* telling Mom, I really was gonna! But she just- she sounded so happy and, especially because it's, well, *you* she rushed to tell like, *everyone* -"

"Who is *everyone*?" George meekly interjected, much calmer yet more flustered than Dream had imagined he'd take the news. The blonde's own hands were clammy as he took one and ran it

through his hair.

“I dunno, knowing her probably half the country?” He added a laugh after to try and mend some of the dead air in the room, only to find that rather than an empty and somber silence filled with loathing and hurt, he was surrounded by warmth. *His* living room, under a fluffy blanket, his friends’ voices coming from the TV and a *beautiful* boy in front of him whose pale face had blooms and petals of pinks across it. Dream felt like he’d pass out right there from the sight and George hadn’t even *agreed* to anything yet.

“But, I’d be pretty miserable alone at a wedding with family that hasn’t seen me since I was in diapers.”

George’s eyes were down at his hands as Dream scooted forward, heart pumping triple the speed it usually would.

“We- We don’t have to. At all. But, it’d be a fun story, yeah? And, once it all blows over we’d say we walked away as friends and it’s all fine.”

George took a minute, still looking at his hands with no window in for Dream to swallow him and his thoughts whole, dissecting each of his desires and woes. He *desperately* wanted to help him, to see inside his mind and comfort him through fears and insecurity. As he looked up dread came over him yet again, his own green eyes darting everywhere from the brunet before him.

“Like I said, we- we don’t have to, I can just deal with it and go alone it’s not a big deal in the *slightest* I promise and-”

“*Dream*,” George interrupted, delicate hand moving to rest on the taller’s knee. Dream felt the spot burn beneath sun-filled fingers and gentle tones of his voice. The blonde could barely think with the way George was looking up at him, eyes soft and full of true care, the cool blue light from the television drowning him into an ocean of beauty and wonder.

Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty-

"It's just one wedding, right?" He continued, voice unwavering and soft as his flushed cheeks and smile were all the blonde could see.

Dream couldn't look away as he swallowed thickly, piercing into the shorter's deep eyes.

"Yeah," He whispered, "just one."

“Then I’m ready to meet the family.”

For once, Dream was the one who rolled his eyes at the comment, before picking up his demeanor and figuring out another quip.

“Sadie already likes you more than me, I’d say it's far past first meetings.”

Then came that symphony of laughter, crystals and hope and summer light wrapped into a simple melody of chest heaves and bounces.

If pretending to date his best friend and hugest crush meant he’d get to hear the brunet laugh even once more, Dream decided it’d be more than worth it.

<33

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Chapter Summary

Dream realizes his in over his head, and his jealousy in deep shades of green start to seep through.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Compared to the intense fear and anxiety from the days prior, the constant laughter in the house was not quite what he had expected.

Telling George was one thing; soft, tender, a moment the blond had thought long and hard about deep into the night afterward. Telling *Sapnap* was another moment he'd never forget, mainly because he knew that he'd never hear the end of it.

It was George who'd initially made a joke about the pair being together, temporarily forgetting the fiery brunet hadn't been made aware of the situation quite yet. Needless to say, Sapnap was ecstatic he had a shit ton of new material he could use to launch at the pair whenever necessary, and also extremely grateful Dream had been inconsiderate in the first place and not asked him if he wanted to come ("I would've made your ass fess up, there's no way I'd pretend to date *you* for an extended amount of time").

Since, the pair had started to throw around pet names with overly sweet tones and ask questions with lovey-dovey words only to fall into fits of giggles and laughter after answering. Dream's throat had a habit of tightening after each added name, every sentence drenched in honey, it all flooded to his head and sent him reeling.

"Dream if you use one more pet name within the next sentence I will *not* hesitate to *hit* you--"

The trio was in a fit of laughter, Dream and George on opposite ends of the same couch the blond confessed his whole mess too, while Sapnap was keeling over the smaller one adjacent. George's face was flushed pink, smile wide on his face as he held an extremely non-threatening pillow over the taller's head as he spoke.

"Aw, c'mon Snookums don't you think Mom'll be disappointed if--" *Thwap*.

Dream felt his chest hurt harder as he continued to laugh through the hit to his head. He hadn't even recognized the following small hits until he took one of his hands and grabbed the end of the pillow to tug away from the shorter.

"*Dreamie*, you can call *me* anything you want and unlike George, I won't hit you over the head," Sapnap mocked, voice whiny and stuttery through his own laughter at the scene. The pair had been going back and forth with the "couple talk" for a while, and in the midst, George had become increasingly annoyed with every sentence being more obnoxious than the last which had led to the red faces and continuously building laughs bouncing off the room's walls.

"Honestly, nothing I say will ever be as back as Sapnap saying '*Dreamie*' so you should be

grateful honestly,” George quipped, attempting to pull the pillow back to his own cheek and out of the blond’s strong grip. “Give it *back* Dream!”

Dream only smirked at the struggle and used his other hand to aid him, before adding, “You hit *me* first! It’s only fair I get revenge!”

The blond was admittedly surprised by the strength being exerted by his friend, brown eyes squeezed shut as he tried to pull the pillow to his chest and away from tugging hands. Although, whatever strength George was using was no match to the competitive nature rooted deep within Dream’s system. The taller used almost all his might to force the object between them to his chest, his own eyes shutting tight only to feel himself fall back against the seat cushions, and the weight he was fighting off stay constant as a thud hit his chest.

Dream opened his eyes to see a deep shade of umber inches from him, hues of red and pink instantly flooding his freckled cheeks to match that of the milky ones now on top of him. Their hands were also centimeters from each other, and the blond needed to forcibly keep his eyes trained on George’s to avoid staring at the very obvious differences between the brunet’s delicate and spindly fingers and his own wide and warm hands.

The world *had* to have stopped, had to have halted its spins to let this moment, a moment of clarity and peace and soft touches and warm eyes that seeped deep into the roots of Dream’s body, fueling him for whatever may come. The blond could stare at George all day, each and every piece of him in all his glory and fragility. That was what had shocked him the most, how *fragile* George looked then. His eyes dilated wide and face painted red, mouth almost quivering from the situation, arms rendering themselves weak at their standstill; Dream felt that if he moved even a millimeter he may break the boy of glass above him, and it was then he realized, *oh god* , he could feel his *heartbeat* against his own, loud and prominent and-

A loud buzz from the coffee table broke their gaze, the breath finally escaping the blond’s lungs as George scrambled to move off of him. Sapnap leaned over to grab the phone ringing, eyeing the name before holding it out to Dream.

“The ol’ mama bear’s calling, keep up the whole ‘I’m so in love’ thing you were just doing and maybe she’ll believe it,” He said, giggles lacing each of his letters. Dream rolled his eyes, trying to get the sight of George’s face two inches from his own, lips slightly parted and just the *perfect* shade of pink to match his own, maybe to bite even, try and pry whatever he could out of them, and his *eyes* too full to even seem real.

Blinking away his thoughts he took the phone from his friend’s hand, pausing over the answer button.

“I’m putting her on speaker, neither of you say something stupid or I’m not driving us to dinner later.”

Sapnap snorted before giving a nonchalant nod of understanding, as Dream picked up.

“Hello?”

“Hi sweetie!”

Even the voice of his mom seemed to bring a smile to his face; she was someone he’d always be incredibly grateful for, throughout the rollercoaster of his life.

“Any reason you called or-”

“I wanted to ask you and George something, actually, I don’t know if you’ve mentioned it to him at all, but I wanted to ask just in case.”

Sapnap had already covered his mouth with both hands, laying down against his chair and holding in his ever-building laughter as George instantly let one of his own come to his face. Dream’s smile grew as he tried to continue.

“Alright, what’s up?”

“Since people are coming down for the wedding anyway, you know how they like to stay with us a bit beforehand, Dad and I wanted to see if you wanted to come down too? It would give you time to introduce George properly to some people before the wedding, too.”

Dream’s face paled. The thought of faking a relationship with his long-time crush for a singular even was enough emotional drainage for one *lifetime* let alone who knows how many days having to prove what they had going on to extended family all while living with them too. He swallowed, shaking his head as he tried to figure out what to say and *how* to explain that he was terrified of having his feelings that were certainly not reciprocated on display for his entire family to see and rip apart, maybe even take *him* apart along with it.

“Well, I don’t think that-”

Dream paused, turning his head at the poke against his thigh from the brunet next to him. Deja vu fell over the blond’s head as he stared down at George, the same brown eyes that had assured him he was fine with the glow of luminescent blue light splashing over his face like a splatter of faint neon paint were there now, soft hint of a laugh tracing the edge of his lips and it was like Dream had relearned what love was all within the few seconds he bore his eyes into the shorter.

“Give me a second,” he mumbled, not daring to take his eyes away from the brunet as he spoke and covered the microphone of his phone. “Are you sure?”

The softest laugh he could manage came from George, nodding his head again and letting a smirk fall across his face.

““Course, it’d be funny to live through. A story to tell, right?”

Dream’s heart stammered beneath his chest.

“Yeah,” he murmured, “it would.”

He took a pause, hating the way his eyes frantically moved away from the shorter as he removed his hand and turned his attention back to the phone.

“That- That should work. When exactly were you thinking?”

There were a lot of things Dream was concerned about in regards to him and George starting a fake relationship for the grand total of less than a week, but one thing (of many, although he’d never admit it) he was looking forward to was not having to deal with the intense jealousy that came from watching other people admire him.

He knew he looked like a dog, an upset and pissed-off guard dog who hated anyone even *thinking* of looking at what he deemed his. It was frankly more annoying than anything, the intense and heavy feelings building in his stomach and gut without any true meaning behind it.

They rarely ate out physically at restaurants to avoid getting noticed, wanting to stay as under the radar as they could, but this was one of those special times they decided to. Sapnap said it was to commemorate their “relationship” starting soon, but in all honesty, it had been a while, and they were clawing to get out in some way. They were in a secluded part of the restaurant, anyways, so there was no real worry in their minds.

It started out mostly fine, the trio sitting down with nothing out of the ordinary, server explaining a waiter would be with them shortly for drinks. Sapnap insisted the pair sat next to each other opposite of him in the booth, which meant they were the butt of most (all) of his jokes for the night.

Once the waiter had arrived, notebook in hand with a wide smile, Dream sensed something off.

Maybe it was the way George gave a light cough and stuttered over his words as he said he wanted both water and coke, giving a sheepish smile to him, or maybe it was Sapnap’s darting eyes from him to George with little humor in his expression, but whatever it was, Dream felt his heart quicken to the beat of a familiar rhythm, a drum that he’d known all too well from the many people who had come and gone from the pair’s life and had taken a fancy to eat up the attention that used to be given solely to him. The comments or conversations surrounding them sending Dream into a spiral of headaches and pangs to his patched-up heart, the same sickening thump of music through his brain reminding him that George *wasn’t* his, and despite everything, *couldn’t* be.

The part that frustrated him the most was that the guy *was* really attractive. Messy black hair, dots of freckles strewn across his nose and cheeks, square brown glasses framing sharp blue eyes, a sturdy build, and a cool smirk tugging at his lips. Not to mention his height, he had to be at least the same as Dream if not an inch or two taller.

The silver name tag read “Logan” and suddenly the blond decided the name left a sour taste in his mouth.

The friendly comments and jokes that would *normally* urge Dream to throw in an extra-large tip or even just appreciate the guy were making him feel more annoyed and frustrated than anything. *How* did he manage to have a witty response to quite literally every time it was applicable?

The server only brought out one set of silverware by accident and Sapnap asked for two more?

“We actually don’t give more than one set of silverware anymore, we like to replicate survival in the wild, so you’re gonna need to fight over that first set.”

George asked for ranch on the side after not being offered any condiments directly?

“Well, well, well, I know a guy who works back there, I’m pretty sure I can hook you up, but just for you, got it?”

(Dream cringed at the wink that was thrown in, and felt hopeless at the flustered laugh that came from the brunet next to him following).

Dream asked for no pickles on his burger?

“You see, we’re out of pickles, so you’re gonna need to ask for something else for us to take off.”

At that point, Sapnap and George had been eating every word up, laughing and joking back as if he were the funniest person to walk the Earth. Dream had to force a small laugh whenever the waiter glanced at him during the meal, although, never gave the satisfaction of fully smiling. Each time he looked over to George he was seemingly lost in his own world, face stained pink at the comments from Logan and eyes raking over him each time he passed.

Towards the end of their dinner, black curly hair appeared in his peripheral, passing the table and moving to another, and just as he was about to roll his eyes, he noticed the brunet next to him training his eyes on the boy as he walked. Logan's head turned to catch George's eye contact and gave a small wave with another wink.

Dream couldn't control the death grip he suddenly held on his fork and how tightly he was pressing his lips together, the color red staining the inner parts of his mind and making him feel both enraged with intense fire and magma drenching his veins and hopeless to do anything but continue his silence. A kick to his shin was felt by the boy across the table, his own eyes narrowing as he silently gestured to knock whatever was happening within his brain off. And as Dream turned to face George stiffly, he felt his already tattered heart rip one more seam as he saw how truly *happy* he was with the gesture, pale face dressed up with pretty pinks and smile soft and wide.

It was a face the blond would recognize anywhere, and one he'd tried desperately to be the cause of for years.

Dream finished his food, managing to keep cool without slipping in comments or glares, holding the frustration within his throat, albeit begrudgingly. It seemed like each moment they were still there was agonizingly painful, and he was counting down the seconds until they could leave. Logan waltzed his way up to the table, quickly clearing the spotless plates and letting out a laugh as he did so, eyes flicking up to the group.

"I see you guys clearly didn't like much of the food, big man in the back won't be too thrilled about that one, couldn't find one good bite on your plate?"

Instantly the other two boys let out laughs, the caffeine from their sodas hitting their head far too early in Dream's mind. He didn't stifle his eye roll that time, pulling his wallet out to grab his card, before Logan continued speaking.

"Tough crowd with this one, huh?" He said, giving a playful smile to the blond. To any other person, it was a kind comment to try and get him to at least smile a bit; bring the mood up if anything. To Dream, however, it was a taunt, a jab at the fact he was taking *his* best friend when he *clearly* knew nothing about George other than his soft face and pink lips and fluffy brown hair and kind eyes and overall *beauty* and-

"Don't pay attention to him, he's been off today," Sapnap covered, George leaving his eyes latched onto the taller's blue ones at the end of the table.

"S' Alright, I don't take it personally. Can I get you guys anything else tonight? Coffee, ice cream, pie-" his eyes slid to George's, "-my phone number, refills? Anything?"

The brunet let his eyes fall into his lap as he let out a soft laugh. Dream couldn't tell whether he was angry or ripped into pieces as water clogged his mind and ears. Waves of hatred and jealousy and *years* of pining coming out in dark punches to his stomach made him lose his breath as he staunchly interrupted.

"No, we're fine, thank you. Could you bring us the bill?" Dream said, much louder and ruder than

he'd intended. He dimly noted the jump in George's body and Sapnap's disappointed expression from the corner of his eyes.

Logan looked taken aback at the sudden harshness in his voice, smirk slipping for a second before replacing itself just where it had left off.

“Course, give me a just a minute.”

With that, the black-haired boy had wandered away and another kick to his shins was felt.

“If you kick me one more time I *swear* you're gonna be dead the second we get to the car,” The blond fired back as soon as he felt the kick, Sapnap gritting his teeth and muttering back a response.

“You need to fucking calm down, I don't know why you're acting like a toddler but you need to handle yourself for five more minutes.”

George glanced up cautiously at the pair, not following the trail of anger well at all, and letting out a small “huh?”. The fire rapidly spreading through Dream's body was suddenly stifled by the intense light of the brunet's chocolate eyes, the deep orange overtones cooling him to level-head, and bringing him back from where he'd been before.

God, Dream was *so* whipped.

Before anyone could speak again, a small black folder was slid in front of the blond as Logan let his other hand fall to the table.

“Here you go, and if you're ready for me to take it I'll go ahead and-”

The check holder was moved right back into the pale boy's hand before he was finished, which sent him off and moving without another word. Dream snickered, before finally saying, “Didn't have a joke for that one, huh?”

The table remained silent, as Dream didn't dare to look into George's eyes. Sapnap let his own rake across the table languidly, before boring holes into the blonde's skull.

“You tipped well, right?”

Dream didn't respond, only stared at his large tan hands fiddling with themselves against the wood. At that, the boy across from him groaned and started muttering something about “being a fucking child” as he rummaged through his pockets upon seeing familiar curly black hair approaching the table presumedly for the final time.

“Alright, here's your card and a copy of your receipt, it was a pleasure being your waiter for today, and again my name is Logan if you happen to fill out the survey at the bottom there,” He said, voice still full of humor as it had been before, Dream silently placed his card back into his wallet and crumpled the receipt in his pocket, hoping to shove the memories as far back into his mind as he could.

“Thank you so much for everything, you were amazing,” Sapnap said, smile bright seemingly to make up for the blond's unamused poker face. Dream wanted to sprint out of the restaurant and never look back, vow to never even *consider* going back even if it were the only option for survival.

“See, I've been telling people that for years and it's just now starting to catch on!” Logan

responded, crossing his arms to add to the effect. Sapnap had already placed a large number of bills by the boy's hand, as Dream scooted out of the booth impatiently and stood up, practically begging the two others to follow him out. The pair did end up following suit, but only as Logan adjusted his glasses, snarky demeanor falling instantly as he picked up the money.

"Woah, Woah, dude, I can't accept this, your bill wasn't even this much I--"

"Please keep it, it'll be an apology for the stickler over here," Sapnap joked, pointing at Dream who could barely feel his body anymore with how much numb rage was pumping through him.

"Jesus Christ, thank you? *So* much, holy shit," he continued, pocketing the money as a genuine smile tugged at his lips. With that Sapnap *finally* gestured for the others to follow him out, and Dream could not have walked faster, speed walking without looking behind him before he got to the door.

I'll never have to see his stupid fucking hair, or glasses, or dumb comments ever aga-

The blond quickly noticed that George wasn't with them as he saw Sapnap practically running to catch up with him. His eyes narrowed as the cogs in his head turned.

"Dude, the fuck? Wait for me next--"

Without waiting for the brunet to finish his sentence, Dream hesitantly walked back towards the alley of tables they'd come from and felt rooted in the ground as the weight of the world crashed onto his shoulders.

George was standing next to Logan, face alight with something Dream had seen before, the beautiful cascading light of true affection. Something that was only shown to those the brunet had deemed special, deemed attractive, and funny, and interesting, and *worthy* of even being considered to be taken out.

A small slip of paper was slid into his hand as the curly-haired boy gave a last of his *obnoxious* fucking winks, before hurriedly walking away in the other direction. George turned to the pair with pure *joy* shining in his eyes as he bounded towards them.

"He gave me his fucking *number* !" George whisper yelled, cradling the piece of paper in his hand as if it were made of gold.

The brunet's voice faded away in Dream's mind as they walked back to the car, filling with white noise.

Static, cotton, paper, stuffing his ears and mouth, slowly closing in his throat and suffocating him as he drove. Dream could hear nothing but the sounds of a broken TV and an eerie ocean, his own mind-numbing ache seizing his body and painting it with deep bruises of purple and blue wounds.

When they'd finally gotten home, and he hopped out of the car, he *knew* George asked him a question.

"Dream?"

But he didn't know what he was supposed to be responding to.

"Hello? Dream?"

He walked into the house and made a beeline to his room without another word.

Dream stood outside of his favorite person's door with so much guilt in his system he felt like he'd drown in it.

The first hour alone he was angry and spiteful, hoping to inevitably make the brunet realize how much he needed him, and come to his room crumpling up the number and hurling himself into his arms.

After thirty minutes the thoughts made him feel ill.

Dream wanted nothing more than for George to be *happy*, not for him to be pulled further and further away from him due to his stupid jealousy, and unthinking rashness. It continued building in him like an atom bomb before he couldn't contain the self-loathing that he'd ever even *considered* that he desired for George to be hurt or upset, or in pain.

That led him here, standing in front of a door that had held some of his favorite memories with a weight on his heart that had taken away the light he'd been seeking for so long.

Gently, he raised a heavy fist to knock gently against the door.

"Come in!"

Sweet as roses, petals blooming across his chest and seeping into his bloodstream. The light from the simple words sending stars to his head as he turned the knob on the door.

George looked up from his laptop, blank face spreading into a warm smile as he gestured for the blond to come sit next to him. Dream's legs walked without his guiding, as his own lips tugged to a soft grin, sitting onto the plush of his bed.

"Fancy seeing you here," George laughed, moving the computer off his lap and crossing his legs under the blanket staring up at the blond. Dream felt his heart continue to stutter a soft drum of music. He let a hand run against the soft fabric as the air continued to stifle. George's eyebrows furrowed with quiet wonder and opened his mouth to speak before being cut off.

"I-I just wanted to say I'm sorry," Dream interrupted, words quick, causing a soft confused look to mold onto the brunet's face. "For earlier," he added.

A smile broke out onto George's face as he shook his head and gave a gentle laugh. He rubbed his eyes before looking back up at the blond with a glint of sweet affection in the form of honey drops. Dream knew his tan face was flooding with bright red, a stain beneath his freckles and up to his ears, although, with the twinkling light of the moon and stars and the fractured pieces of amber streaming into his own vision, truly he couldn't care enough to hide it.

"Dream, don't be silly, I know you were just in one of your *moods*," George mused, folding his hands in his lap as he continued to look with the universe in his eyes.

Dream choked for a moment, eyes lightheartedly furrowing as the brunet was sent into a soft fit of giggles.

"Wha- What do you *mean* 'one of my moods'?"

“You- You just get all *possessive* , it’s funny,” George managed out between laughs, an eye roll being procured from the blond. It hurt him to know that George didn’t understand the magnitude of that statement and how *true* it actually was.

A silence fell again, and George moved a hand to rest on Dream’s knee, fingers delicate and with far too much grace to exist on the cruel, heartless planet they lived on.

“It’s cute,” He said, words just above a whisper, as if he were trying to make as little sound as he possibly could.

And Dream was gone, he was so far gone he would’ve jumped off the nearest bridge into a salty and never-ending ocean if it meant George would continue to look at him like this, touch him like this, *be* with him like this, in a way that he’d never seen anyone with before. He was in a galaxy of light, coming from a singular star that he’d worship if, given the chance, single-handedly hang each of the stars and the moon if possible just for one more moment between him and his star, *his* star.

Dream smiled, their faces becoming one in the same as if they were mirrors of the other. He rested one of his larger hands overtop his star’s spindly fingers. It sent sparks through his body and up into his throat.

“Are you sure you’re- you’re okay with staying with my parents before the wedding?”

George looked a little shocked by the topic switch, but the blond could tell he saw the fear deep within his green eyes. He shook his head, the gentle curve of his mouth unwavering.

“Of course,” George breathed out as if he were asked if his name belonged to him.

Dream swallowed. If he thought hard enough, he could imagine the beat of the brunet’s heart underneath the pale hoodie hugging his frame.

“I just wanted to make sure,” Dream said, less sure of himself than he’d ever been in his life.

“You’re a sweetheart, that’s what.”

If the Earth stopped turning, all oxygen was sucked out of the atmosphere and the world was left in ruins, Dream would be none the wiser. He was too entranced with the angelic being in front of him that somehow landed in *his* house, in what was *his* sheets.

A vibration against Dream pant leg snapped him out of his trance. He’d promised he’d be on call with Sapnap during an alt stream and if he bailed again for the exact same reason he had last time he’d never hear the end of it.

“Sapnap’ll kill me if I don’t go,” Dream said, feeling his body shatter as he watched George’s hand fall from his knee when he stood up. He laughed again, that beautiful melody of crystal clear laughter.

“You’re fine. I’ll bug you on Discord or something.”

The blond nodded, cheeks beginning to hurt from the strain of his pull on them.

Just as he placed his hand on the doorknob to leave, something interrupted him.

“Dream?” George started, meekly. When he turned around to look, the brunet looked sheepish, fidgety.

“Yes?”

Dream couldn't breathe.

“I, uh, I didn't text him. Logan. And I don't think I will.”

Fireworks. Intense fireworks of sharp browns and hazy mornings with chocolate in his nose.

“Just thought you should know.”

Dream looked away from his star, fidgeting with the handle of the door, before turning back to him. His eyes were sweet, filled with pure, unfiltered, and unadulterated infatuation there for all the see; George only needed to look.

“Good.”

Chapter End Notes

hope the wait was worth the longer chapter :]

[twitter](#)

(be)longing

Chapter Summary

Dream and his plus one make the journey to his childhood home, and run into a quite large problem at the top of their first night.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“You guys seriously don’t need *all* of this shit, right?”

Dream squeezed his eyes shut tight at the comment from Sapnap, his whiny tone becoming more and more annoying as the loading up of his car had gone on for longer and longer.

“Two things, you’ve carried *two* things,” the blond corrected, bringing a hand to rub his eye, before he felt a smaller one move to rest on his shoulder. His ears instantly perked up as he turned to the soft grin of the boy next to him, an overwhelming sense of light filling his body at just the visual.

“You’re really sending us off with the memory of the most annoying version of you?” George asked, stepping forward to look the taller brunet in the eyes. He gave an eye roll in response as he slotted the last suitcase into the trunk and waved the pair off.

“*Hey*, every version of me is the best, so you both should count yourselves lucky!”

George lifted his head to rest on the blond’s shoulder as he gave a laugh of his own. Dream would’ve joined in if the air in his lungs hadn’t already been forcefully ripped from him as the angel next to him continued to keep their bodies connected. He swallowed thickly, ignoring the sea of thoughts swimming in his brain as he watched Sapnap shut the trunk closed. He stared at the pair for a second before George turned his head to look up at Dream, eyes half lidded and a soft smile curving against his lips. It took all of the blond to not combust right at the sight of the beautiful boy *so close*, yet so far away.

“That’s it right? We’re all set?”

Dream swallowed again, desperately trying to keep his eyeline discreet as he took in every part of his face little by little.

“Yeah, we should probably go now,” he responded quietly, mentally noting the footsteps approaching him before arms wrapped around his and George’s shoulder.

“Have fun with mission ‘dnf’, losers,” Sapnap taunted, ruffling the brunet’s hair and nudging Dream with his hip. The nickname started just after they’d confessed everything to their other roommate, because as the pair predicted, neither would ever be able to live it down. The only thing Sapnap had promised was to avoid jokes on streams or Twitter, which he had agreed to solely because it would be *hell* if anyone in the online space got ahold of their plot.

“Bye Stinknap,” George responded, shoving the taller off of him and pushing his way into the car with a coy smirk still on his face. Dream took a moment to look back and pat the brunet on the shoulder before rolling his eyes at the suggestive grin tugging at his lips.

“Just make sure you take good care of Patches, yeah?”

Sapnap lifted a hand to jokingly salute the blond, and gave a nod along with it.

“Yes sir. And don’t worry about keeping contact, I’m gonna call you, like, all of the time, because this is literally the funniest thing that could’ve possibly happened to you two.”

A huff of a laugh fell from Dream’s lips as he gave a final wave and walked to the opposite side of the car to get in. The blond sighed as he glanced at the boy next to him and *oh, they’re doing this*.

As he stared into the deep chocolate next to him, rosy cheeks and all, it hit him that the dream he’d been imagining for the past year was finally a *reality*, even if for just a few fleeting moments in time. Dream was able to call George *his* for the first time in his life and it was *okay*. In fact, it was *more* than okay, it was *wanted*.

He hadn’t noticed he was staring until a soft pattern of giggles he’d recognize anywhere played through his ears, and he shook his head out of his trance.

“We gonna go or what?” George quipped, as Dream quickly hurried to start his car and pull out of their driveway without a word. His laughs died out as they gave a final mutual wave to Sapnap who was standing on their front porch with a megawatt smile slapped onto him.

It was an hour and a half drive to his parents, meaning that George most certainly was going to sleep on the way there (he’d been bragging about his specially allotted nap time since he figured out how long they’d be on the road), but he was far more chipper than the blond had expected him to be during their drive.

The air was calm and tranquil, with miscellaneous music from whatever the radio had on at the moment being the only background noise they could fully make out, as they first started driving on surface streets. It was around when they turned onto the freeway George started talking.

“*So*,” he started, turning his head to Dream with a mischievous grin on his face, “when are you gonna ask me?”

The blond furrowed his eyebrows together in confusion and let out a small laugh, not letting his eyes get pulled off the road.

“What?”

“Y’know,” George continued, a hand toying with the top of the middle console, “to be your boyfriend?”

Dream felt his body tense up and jolt at that, eyes blown open in shock at the sudden question. He felt his heartbeat pick up instantly as soon as the word was mentioned.

Boyfriend

It was beautiful coming from George’s lips.

“I- Uh, well, I didn’t know I had to *ask* -”

The brunet scoffed and crossed his arms in fake annoyance before continuing.

“Of course you have to *ask*, Dream. Where are your manners?”

Dream shook his head, the same beams of light washing over his body with the heat of a flame as

he managed to get the words out.

“Alright then, uh, *George* , will you do me the ultimate honor of being my boyfriend?” Dream asked, glancing over at the brunet with a smirk as traffic slowed them to a stop. His heart was beating out of his chest, his face felt like it had been engulfed in magma, and he couldn’t stop the breath from getting caught in his throat, but the simple eye roll and *gorgeous* smile from George’s face made every single moment of agonizing lovesickness worth it.

“I *guess* so.”

Another fit of laughs came from the pair of them, as both their focuses recentered on the road ahead, although Dream's rapidly growing blush wouldn't stop its spread down his shoulders.

It only took a minute before the blonde felt soft pale fingers poking at his wrist.

“What- What are you doing,” he mumbled, glancing down at the hand fiddling with his own, still on the wheel.

“Give me your hand, I’m bored,” George responded, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. Dream sputtered as he lifted his hand just above its spot, and let out a confused laugh.

“And what are you gonna do with my hand that’s so important?”

George looked like he was thinking as he stared at the blond’s hand. Dream had to force every single piece of him to stop thinking about how huge his hands looked in comparison with the brunet’s own thin, almost dainty, ones, and-

Well, too late, he was most *definitely* thinking about how he could easily probably encircle both with a single of his own and-

“Hold it,” George nonchalantly replied, interlacing their fingers gently and resting them both over where the cupholder of the car was, “that’s what couples do, right? Hold hands over the center console like some Hallmark movie?”

Dream swallowed as his eyes fixated onto where they were met, George’s own looking forward as if nothing in the world were happening. Fireworks, loud, *abrasive* fireworks were being set off in the blond’s lungs, snatching away all of his air and sending stirs to his stomach and gut as merely the *sight* of something so pure, so *meaningful* , and it had sunk in that George was *here* and *his* even if just for the-

Beep!

His eyes shot up as he hurriedly thumped his foot on the gas, regaining his composure and giving a sheepish smile in his rearview mirror to the guy behind him who’d honked. George had only laughed at him, squeezing their hands together inadvertently as he cozied into his seat more. The blond’s heart stuttered.

“On *that* note, I’m going to sleep, wake me up when we’re there.”

Dream smiled as he felt another squeeze of their hands and stole a quick glance of the brunet, eyes already closed, next to him.

He idly thought about how ecstatic his mom and sister were upon hearing news of their “relationship”, and how *motherly* his mom would react the second they got there.

Something in him believed George would love his family, at least those he hadn't met before. And the attention from them, too.

George had indeed fallen asleep, although, his dainty fingers continued to be interlaced with the blond's the entire drive, causing Dream's wandering eyes to always fall back to where they were connected. Music was his only distraction from his agonizing thoughts of how horrible the week could possibly go (and his other ones about how maybe, just maybe, for a few moments he could pretend that this *was* real, that this *was* the life he'd been dreaming about since the first day the brunet had landed in America and was a *real* person.)

The nerves hit him as the pair were standing outside the front door of the blond's childhood home, hands still tied and squeezing harder than they ever could. Dream couldn't breathe as his hands felt exorbitantly heavier than they truly were, and he quickly turned to the shorter brunet.

"It's not too late to back out, I hope you know that," Dream said softly, concern and care lacing each of his words in small loops of love. For a fraction of a second, the blond saw something flicker through the eyes of his best friend, something he couldn't fully make out or understand. It was like every emotion tied in one ball of hot fire, sent straight to his throat catching every word he'd wanted to say. Just as quickly as it came, it was gone, and a *beautiful* laugh fell from George's lips as he used his other arm to grasp the blond's forearm. If Dream had been struck by fire before, he was boiling in water now, eyes wide as the brunet leaned closer to him,

"You worry too much, I *know* what I've agreed to, and I promise that-"

"*Mom, they're here!*" a voice interrupted as the white door in front of the pair swung open with a *thunk*. George's hand squeezed tighter against the blond's bicep, making his already fuzzy brain whirl with more force. It took a few seconds for him to steady himself mentally and make note of the bright eyed blonde girl in front of him.

"How the hell did you know we were *there*?" Dream commented, a smile curving on his face at the sight of his little sister. If he was honest with himself, seeing her again was one of the main reasons he wanted to come back home in the first place.

"Mom said you'd be here soon, and when I went to go check you two were being weird in front of the door so I opened it for you. You know this thing called knocking exists? It's a pretty common thing, you should try it."

As she spoke, she turned her body to gesture for the pair to walk in, and they followed her lead with earnest. Dream gave an eyeroll at her response and took a step toward her after she shut the door.

"What if we were talking about something important, Sades, then what? You could've walked in on us talking about anything."

Sadie laughed and crossed her arms, cocking her head to the side gingerly as she answered.

"After the things I see you tweet, honestly nothing can phase me anymore," she reached out her arms and gave a full smile, "now can I have a hug?"

Dream let out a small laugh and bent down to give the girl a tight hug, rubbing her back as he

pulled away. When the siblings were younger, they hadn't always gotten along the *best*, but as time pressed on (and Dream got better at handling his circumstances and mental health battles) the pair grew closer and closer with each passing day, to the point where one of Sadie's favorite things was begging her parents to have one of them drive to her brother's house just to sit on his couch and do mostly nothing all day.

He'd been with her through a lot, just as she to him, and watching her grow was always one of his favorite parts of his family life.

A nudge to his side caught him out of his thoughts, as Sadie nodded her head towards George who was still standing with a sheepish smile on the opposite side of the entry.

"Oh," Dream mumbled, walking back over to him and giving a soft smile before taking his hand.

If I get butterflies every time I hold his hand I'm gonna be dead by the time this is over.

"Uh, Sadie, this is my, uhm, boyfriend. George," Dream continued gently, feeling the burn already spreading through his face and neck. George gave a little wave and smile as he then spoke as well.

"It's so nice to finally meet you properly."

Sadie's face turned smug rather quickly, and just as she started speaking someone else walked in.

"Well, to say I've heard a lot about you is an understa-"

"Clay! Oh my goodness, it's amazing to see you!"

Before Dream could really think to respond, his mother's arms were wrapped around his shoulders and her pingy laugh was ringing through the entryway of the house. A soft laugh fell from his lips as she pulled away and moved to greet the brunet. Dream noted the shaky squeeze to his hand as his mother smiled at who she believed to be his boyfriend.

"George, we couldn't be *happier* you're here as well," she continued, gesturing her arms open for a small hug of which the brunet gently took, his own cheeks growing warm at the sentiment. When they broke away, George hurriedly moved to re-grip the blond's hand, moving his other to encircle Dream's upper arm as well.

George was doing *just fine* with his job, but the blond felt he was seconds away from bursting a blood vessel with the way the brunet was looking at him.

"Couldn't be happier to be here, Mrs. Brooks," he replied, before turning his head to look up at Dream, "Hun, can you-"

He was gone. If there were *any* words after those Dream most certainly didn't catch them, his mind was there on out focused on how absolutely stunning the pet name sounded coming out in a serious manner, how *holy shit* after so long of worrying it was *real* and it was *happening* and they'd get their stupidly cheesy slow dance, and he'd *get* to call George his, and he'd *get* to show him off, and he'd *finally* be able to show how much he truly adored the boy in his arms and how-

"Hello? Oh my god, *listen* when your boyfriend *speaks*, dipshit," Sadie groaned, moving towards the door and clicking it open as George let out a soft laugh. Shaking his head lightly to rid himself of his swirling and ever continuously spinning brain, he reached his opposite arm to grip onto the shorter's hand gripping his bicep.

"Sorry, uh, what'd you say, I just zoned out," Dream mumbled, eyes filling to the brim with

affection as he stared down at the brunet.

“Don’t apologize, s’not a big deal. I *said* we need to go get our stuff, so come help me, yeah?”

Dream nodded, idly pulsing his hand a few times as he turned back to his mom and sister (he ignored Sadie’s smirk, which he knew was at how his voice dropped into a zone of gentle tenderness it never went into for anyone else).

“Yes, go get your stuff. Sades, you help too,” his mom continued, shooing the young girl forward and out the door as the couple left, too. Dream smiled down at the blonde by his side and gave a ruffle to her hair, causing a “*hey!*” and a set of small hands to start hitting his upper arm. Whatever other noise that may have been heard was drowned out by the overtones of George’s laugh, melodiously bouncing off of every piece of his mind and sending him *reeling* .

A squeeze to his shoulder stopped him, and a voice that cut through as well.

“Oh and Clay, I need to tell you,”

With a gentle smile he let his sister and “boyfriend” keep walking to their car, making jokes about something the blond couldn’t make out from how far away he was.

“Yeah, what’s up?” Dream responded, hands shifting to his pockets (he’d ignore how sweaty and clammy they were).

“I made sure that it’s only you two sleeping in your room, I figured out the rest of the family’s rooms, but wanted to make sure you were on your own,” she continued, her head turning to look as if she had a million things running through her mind. He knew she was probably driving herself crazy, having to cook and get the house ready for so many people in such little time, and he wished he could’ve helped out more.

“Uh, yeah that’s great, thank you. I hope it wasn’t an inconvenience or-”

“*No!* No, not at all. *Also*, I washed the sheets and everything is-”

Oh.

Oh.

For some unbeknownst reason, Dream hadn’t considered the fact that there was a grand total of *one* bed in his room.

He swallowed thickly before making eye contact with his mother again, throat beyond dry as he gave a response with a smile pulling at his lips.

“Thank you, Mom, you’re doing so much for us.”

She gave a soft eye roll and waved it off.

“Oh, anything for you two, trust me.”

She paused, taking a moment to examine the blond’s eyes, before resting a hand on his cheek gently.

“I’m so happy for you, Clay.”

Dream swallowed again, raising his own to cover hers and let his heart believe it was real. Believe

what she was saying was real.

“I am too.”

The pair was lying down on Dream’s tiny twin sized bed with the weight of the world crashing on their shoulders. Neither had said much once they’d settled in, aside from the few stray comments from George about his room decorations of choice (the old football trophies and memorabilia warranted some type of lighthearted teasing). They took turns using the shower next door that they (thankfully) would be the only ones using during their stay, and Dream ignored the way George looked ethereal as he walked out bundled in sweatpants and an oversized hoodie, face still blooming with pinks and reds from the heat of the shower, mumbling a “your turn” before promptly crashing onto the bed.

They were practically shoulder to shoulder, and Dream *knew* he wouldn’t be getting any sleep if they stayed like that.

He also knew that they both were awake and incredibly anxious to say anything.

Dream could feel his heart pounding against the cage of his chest, so hard he was terrified the smaller person next to him could feel every beat, every rhythm, every *song*. His hands shook as well as he desperately tried to ignore the fact that he was *so close* to everything he’d wanted, *so close* to touching and holding and taking and giving into the beautiful moonlight trying to sleep next to him and just-

“*God*, we’re idiots,” George laughed, chest bubbling and shaking with each dip and curve of his voice, a hand moving to comb through the front of his waves.

Dream felt stars explode behind his eyes as he turned to glance at the absolute beauty next to him, the light pouring in from his window sending shine across the milky surface of George’s freckled face.

“You gonna just hold me yet? Or keep staring?” George asked coyly, letting his eyes flicker between Dream’s face and the ceiling where he was staring before. Dream’s mind could not function, couldn’t let a single thought scroll by as he dumbly swallowed and blinked a few times.

“What?”

“We both know this’ll be uncomfortable for both of us if we don’t spoon, so just c’mon, I’m *tired*,” George said, rolling his eyes and flipping on his side, an open invitation to just reach out and sink against him.

Dream paused, before scooting his body closer and pressing himself flush against the smaller boy’s back, arms encircling his waist shakily with each passing second. He let out the air he’d been holding in his chest and let himself fall wholly into everything that was George.

Heart stuttering, stomach knotting, hands shaking, mind spinning, Dream lied there with stars in his body and flowing throughout the room in beams of light. George lightly pushed his head back against the blond’s shoulder and deep amber waves caught just under his nose in the process, sending aches up his spine with how *sweet* he smelled. Lavender wafted through his entire system, the smallest hint of coconut leaving him wanting more and *more*.

It took a moment for Dream to calm himself, letting the fire coursing through him die down just that much before he glanced up at the opal moon, love bursting into shades of green surrounding his pupil.

With a pretty boy in his arms and the light of the moon shining through his blinds, Dream slept the most soundly he'd had in weeks. Somehow he knew this was where he belonged.

Chapter End Notes

wanted to quickly mention no new updates until post july 20th :) working on a bunch of other projects separate from this account, and the update will be shortly after that!!

[my twitter](#)

bittersweet

Chapter Summary

Dream and George get interrogated by some extended family, and it causes some self-accepting realizations.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sun filtered through the almost closed blinds as Dream's eyes fluttered open, warmth against his chest and a murky dreamlike state still consuming his body. Something relating with clouds and the sky, covering his whole being in smothering love and peace. Droplets of light splattering across his skin, creating darkened freckles of sunspots, it was *beauty* in its purest essence.

And as that reality faded away, a new heaven formed before him, in the form of brunet waves nuzzled against his chest, soft snores ringing through his ears. A blinding light filled his brain, white against his murky thoughts.

His heart stuttered beneath his chest as his room came into view, the sounds of birds outside his window, wind fluttering between leaves, and the clatter of plates and voices on the other side of the door all flooded his ear without warning and he noticed that-

Oh.

Dream's face blossomed into deep pinks as he realized that not only was the boy's head on his chest, but his body lay fully on top of him, his own arms instinctively around his waist while the smaller's lay against his chest.

His already pounding heart continued to thump it's drum of ongoing anxiety, waves of water and peace despite the raging fear and confusion muddling his thoughts. What was he supposed to *do* ? Lay there and wait for him to wake up? Push everything he'd ever wanted off of him? Pretend nothing happened and that he *hadn't* bear hugged him to his chest during their sleep? Wait for-

"You're thinking too loud, I can practically hear you," George mumbled, voice thick and groggy from sleep as he peeped his eyes open and shifted on top of him. The pinks quickly turned the reds against Dream's tan skin as he shook his head and tried to laugh it off.

"Shut up," he responded, one of the hands resting on the boy's hips moving to rub at his own eyes, trying to come to his senses a little more (definitely not trying to avoid the boy's blown out brown eyes and slightly open mouth as he looked up at him).

"Mmm, no I won't, actually."

A deep laugh spread through his chest as his other hand idly ran over the brunet's waist, eyes rolling to try and take away some of the fluttering in his gut at George's smile.

"You're so-"

Dream paused, ears perking up at a familiar voice and a door unlocking from the story below them.

His childhood home hadn't been renowned as the most soundproof, and if one thing stayed true, it was that.

A flick to his forehead shot him out of his trance, as giggles flooded his ears and he swatted away the pale hand.

"You are *literally* a dog, I *watched* your ears perk up-

"-Oh my god, *shut* up, I was listening to s-

His own sentence was cut off again, but this time by external forces as George placed his hands flat against the taller's chest and sat up to straddle the boy where he was, face still close enough to have a conversation. It took all of Dream to not reach out and grab his pale skin, rip into it with his teeth and take him apart right there.

Burning spread down from his ears all through his body, sparks in his gut as a gentle smile remained on the brunet's face, eyes bright and wide.

"I, uh," Dream stuttered, swallowing thickly as he pathetically attempted to continue his sentence, "I- I heard the, uh, door, and I think, uhm, the family my mom was telling you about is, uhm, is here."

With a soft "oh!", George nodded, his fingers drumming against the taller's chest before turning his head to his just opened suitcase against the floor.

"We should get ready then?"

Without moving his eyes, Dream nodded slowly, the heat encapsulating his entire body coming off in thick waves and spreading throughout the air. With a swift motion, George swung his legs off of him and moved to grab clothes.

"Be ready to answer the million questions they're gonna ask," Dream warned, sitting up against the small bed and glancing at his best friend who simply waved him off.

"Please, we went over the story in the car, we are *fine*."

A warm smile fell across his lips as he looked at the beaming boy in front of him, determination lacing his eyes.

The stubbornness George had always been something he'd admired; added to the list filled with years of memories and tiny details that amounted to how he'd fallen.

As much as they may have prepared, Dream couldn't stop the continuous bouncing of his legs as he sat on the old raggedy couch, hand wrapped around the brunet's hip as they were bombarded with an ocean of questions and memory retellings.

His grandparents and Aunt Hellen were staying at the house until the wedding (her two youngest as well, but after the first few minutes of introductions they were escorted away by Sadie swiftly), and if there was one thing his family was known for it was *talking*.

"I remember Clay talking about you any chance he could until he'd said every word in the

dictionary,” Hellen said, a playful tinge to her tone as Dream’s already burning face heated up more, George jumping in to cut off his frantic explanation with no hesitancy.

“I- I wouldn’t say that much b-”

“-Please tell me more, I need to know absolutely everything.”

The one thing George was relishing in was the insistent “We all knew you’d get together eventually with the way Dream talked about you!” from every single family member, asking questions and using stupidly cheesy nicknames to cause enough eyerolls on the blonde’s face it was a shock he wasn’t stuck like that.

Dream was the one to explain how they’d gotten together, his Grandma asking first, and he repeated the story they’d settled on easily with no hesitancy (a few self indulgent feelings, anecdotes, and pet names thrown in the mix, as well).

“It was after we’d moved in together, neither of us could sleep and we had this long talk in our living room and I’d already been, y’know, struggling with liking my best friend, so the late night combined with me being sleep deprived led to a very, spontaneous confession, to say the least. All’s well that ends well, though, and George said he thought it was endearing so-”

“-It was cute! You were all nervous, so you spoke fast and it didn’t even set in what you’d said until, like, a few minutes later. All anxious for lil’ ol’ m-”

“Babe, stop it.”

They’d been talking for what had seemed like forever, Dream feeling every cell on his hand rubbing gently against George’s hip as they spoke. The occasional lean into his body, look into his eyes with a soft fondness he reveled in, or palm to his chest that felt like stars burning through his skin and etching permanent tattoos in their wake, all making his mind reel and body malfunction in its spot.

He’d gotten better at responding to the couple-y talk he’d had to keep up. The pet names and sickly sweet memories still sent his stomach into bursts of butterflies, but he was able to keep the reaction mostly inside, or at least, enough to where none of his family would pick up on it. Whether George did or not was a quiet mystery even he himself was intrigued by.

“You know, Clay, your mother introduced us to your father before her sister’s wedding. Maybe it runs in the family,”

The memory washed over Dream as he could vividly see his mom showing photo albums of the pair at his aunt’s wedding, the both of them in their early twenties and sheepish as ever in the family pictures. Something Dream couldn’t explain began to settle on him, as the arm around George seemed to tighten, whether intentionally or not. The brunet’s eyes glanced up at Dream, the same wide smile that’d been there before continued to shine through as he spoke with the tenderness of a thousand warm embraces.

“You never told me that before.”

“I- I guess I never thought about it,” he gave back, voice quiet as looked down into the deep coffee next to him.

“Well, Clay’s always been a Mama’s boy,” a sudden voice popped in, the couch next to him dipping as Sadie plopped down next to him, causing a small startle, “So, it makes sense.”

Dream rolled his eyes, turning back to his grandparents staring at him and George in fondness. A sudden leap in his heart caused a surge of intense pride through him, the older relatives he remembered vividly wanting to be proud of him, and see him grow with the best of intentions, as a child looking at him with more love than he'd ever ask for in a million years. George's hand on his knee squeezed, and jolts of heat through his muscles and veins started a ravaging flame, feeding something he'd known he'd been aching for, long before he even conceived the thought of the brunet being his forever person.

For the tiniest second, he saw the roots of cherry blossoms blooming over pale skin, barely there and cracking the surface of George's unreadable and hard exterior. The *tiniest* bit of *reality* seeping through the crème porcelain aching for him to just *look and-*

"Alright! Are you all ready for lunch?" His mother's voice called from the kitchen, breaking the window into his best friend's eyes.

He blinked a few times, trying to engrain the expression and peonies dotting his cheeks like beautifully rosy freckles.

Maybe one day, I'll be able to see underneath the cracked surface of his skin

George had offered to use the shower first, leaving Dream and his ceiling alone for contemplation, something he'd grown continuously used to doing.

It was an odd thing, the feelings swirling within his chest. The mix of both euphoria at the memories painted with pet names and flowery looks and smiles full of so much brightness and *affection* it'd made his head spin, and the sinking afterthought that none of what was happening was real.

The looks of elation and pride from his oldest family members, his mother's parents who'd always seen the brightest of lights within him despite the dark splotches on his teenage years with edges of violence and pain through each flick of fate's paintbrush. It was something he'd dreamt of for years (something that had become a common thread during his nightly thoughts), and yet it was nothing more than smoke and mirrors with a dash of false light that lured him in.

Or his aunt, someone who'd lost so much love during her life to awful men and still made the best of her situation and filled the holes left within her heart by mending them with the help of the deep connection she had with her family, smiling at the pair giving the underlying message of *you deserve this love* written in each word and looping through the curves of letters that dripped from her mouth.

Dream couldn't lie and say he hadn't pondered what bringing George home would be like; it was forever ago when he'd first done it, but it was kept as a guilty pleasure during his most embarrassing nights filled with fantasies and dreams and his best friend's eyes being the only constant thread.

He didn't know how long he'd be able to deal with the bittersweet taste on his tongue, sour's overbearing endgame destroying any semblance of sweet temporary bliss.

He sat up on his bed. *Their* bed, and took in a deep breath.

Maybe Dream would finally be able to accept sugar's beauty without thinking about the cell ripping acid awaiting for him at the end of the rocky road he was walking.

“Dream?”

And *oh*, his voice was so *soft*, his hair a fluffy *mess* and eyes wide as saucers as he blithely walked in like a God made of porcelain and glass and fused together to be Aphrodite’s perfect creation.

“Bathroom’s open.”

And that same goddamn smile. Dream would never recover from the light shooting into his veins in steady beams.

“Alright.”

But maybe he was beginning to be okay with that.

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the wait!! a birthday gift for a friend takes priority, however :) im on a trip so i will try to have an update for you next saturday! after that i plan to go back to two updates per week <3

[my twitter](#)

kiss n' tell

Chapter Summary

Dream realizes the one thing they had both neglected to consider during the stay with his family. And it requires some getting used to.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream's eyes had shot open since far earlier than he had wanted or expected, in true honesty. He didn't know *how* his body knew about his spiraling thoughts the previous night, and then forced him to awake with a clustered brain and a nagging feeling to his chest, but it certainly found a way.

When he had asked George to go along with the narrative of dating him for his family, he had expected a lot of things; hand holding, pet names, being asked how they'd gotten together, hands around waists and around thighs, banter with his siblings, things like that. The little things, if you will, but sue Dream for being a sappy romantic who'd been dreaming of those 'little things' since he was a confused teenager struggling with self identity.

For some reason, God knows *why* it had slipped his mind, the blonde hadn't put the connection together that their lack of general intimacy would raise some alarm bells for his relatives.

And, of *course* his mom was the first to notice.

The conversation pierced through his brain like blades heated by fire and slicing through his sputters and anxiety ridden explanations, and far into the night (and morning, as it proved now) he was sent down a deep spiral.

She'd called him into the kitchen while the rest of the family was playing some sort of card game Dream couldn't remember the rules to, as he was a little, distracted, per se (he noted to never let himself team with George, as all it took was one slight movement and his mind was taken totally out of whatever they were doing).

"Is everything alright?" he asked softly, hand resting on the doorway of the quaint room, golden lights splashing onto the sleek white counters. Her expression worried him more than anything, behind rosy cheeks he could tell there were buds of doubt trying to spread their bloom into her thoughts and words, leading his eyebrows to furrow.

"Of course, sweetie," she started gesturing for the taller to come closer to her on the other side of the island as she continued, "I- I just wanted to make sure you and George were, uhm, comfortable around here."

Her nails drummed against the hard rock of the counter as Dream let out a confused huff of a laugh.

"Comfortable? You've made this house like a resort, we are-"

"No, Clay, I mean, are you comfortable around us?"

The erratic beat of his heart was growing more and more concerning as she rounded the corner to stand directly in front of the boy, sincerity written on her face like an essay of hope and deep love. When he couldn't form any words, she continued.

"I couldn't help but notice that you two haven't been the most affectionate with each other, but I know how you are, Clay, whenever you've brought someone over you always keep contact in some way."

Dream's face drained as the realization started to hit of where she was going with the conversation, alabaster completely overtaking the sunkissed skin that previously held his features, and before he could realize a deep fire was replacing it and settling just below his bones.

"M- Mom I'm not-" Dream laughed out hesitantly, only to be promptly cut off.

"-I mean I haven't even seen you two kiss once! Which- Which I don't want you to think you have to hold back from, or anything, because you've never seemed to care until-"

"Mom," Dream interrupted, voice louder than intended as he felt the flames licking up through his throat make their way to freshly pale skin.

His eyes darted back through the entryway to try and catch sight of anyone who may have heard, only to find George leaning over and letting out laughs of sun and a freshly risen sky with Sadie, their eyes sparking lights beneath each other and genuine care and joy spewing from every move.

Dream had to shake his head to rid himself of the image of what his mind perceived to be his boyfriend and younger sister.

"I guess... neither of us noticed, but, uhm, we definitely feel okay around you, uh, you guys."

She let out a sigh, smile continuing to spread wide on tan cheeks; a face the blonde had grown up around and had been told countless times was mirrored in his own.

"Alright," she nodded, "I just wanted to make sure you knew you didn't have to act any differently from how you have before, is all."

For a moment, he let his spiraling thoughts of how the hell he was supposed to bring this up to George simmer, as his own gentle smile made its appearance on his face.

"Thanks, Mom."

Needless to say, he couldn't stop thinking about what his mom had said. He knew she wouldn't have said anything if it hadn't been bugging her, or if it hadn't been something she'd continue to notice and worry about.

But how could he just casually mention to his best friend, "we need to figure out a system where we kiss in public, even though we both know damn well neither of us prepared mentally for-"

A delicate hand on his shoulder made his soul practically jump from his body, the shiver involuntary wracked his body as he rolled over to be met with a concerned looking brunet, already sitting up.

"Are you alright?"

The words were gentle, flower petals falling onto a dimly lit sidewalk, soft light filtering into rooms with clean sheets that smelled like candles light from nights past, all of it was so much, and Dream felt his jaw lock shut and his mind turn to static.

He glanced to the sheets, a hand running through his hair as he tried to figure out how to say what he needed to.

“-And don’t try to say you are, you’ve been off since we tried to sleep last night,” he continued, causing the blonde’s already open mouth to close again.

He let his hands run across his face, letting out a loud groan as he sat up fully, crossing his legs and unscrambling words and phrases in his brain to just *talk* to the guy.

But when big brown eyes shaped like saucers looked to him with the most genuine concern he’d seen from him in what felt like months, strategic ways they could fix the issue became jumbled in a mess of lips on each other and flashes of moments he did *not* need to be imagining in this moment.

Marks crawling down his neck in a dark trail, hands digging into a thin pale waist, strings of saliva connecting them during moments of separation, mumbles against each other, wandering hands and movements, pressing against each other trying to make sure not a centimeter of space is left, carnations splashing itself across collarbones and shoulders and cheeks and-

“My mom asked why she hadn’t seen us kiss,” he blurted out at once, hands with otherwise unnoticeable trembles gripped at the sheets as the brunet was taken aback by the sudden speech. A small “oh” fell from his mouth before he glanced down.

He thinks I’m weird, he hates me, he’s gonna back out, he-

“Right, so, we need to kiss then, right?”

Dream’s mind just about stopped there, heartbeat flatlining as heat that had nestled itself under his skin a long time ago, from the continuous light that came from the brunet's own doing, started spreading sensations to the surface of his skin.

Both incredibly empty, and incredibly full, his brain raced, the continuous mantra of *George, George, George, George*, being the only consistency between lewd and far too revealing thoughts swarming every piece of him.

That goddamn smirk fell over George’s face, putting a hand onto the blonde’s knee as he looked up through long lashes.

“Dream, it’s not a big deal. I don’t think either of us want the first time to be *in front* of people,” he said, words barely above a whisper.

He cringed as the memory of shortly after that conversation with his mom came to the forefront of his mind; a goofily placed kiss to the brunet’s cheek that caught them *both* off guard and honestly was the worst possible way to try and backtrack from the hard lines they’d had before.

When his previously squeezed eyes snapped open, sparks shot through them with unheard cracks, as he returned eye contact with the shorter.

Deep down, he knew the stars and hearts swirling within his pupils were very much apparent, on display for the person they were handcrafted for out of pure desire and love in all of their hopeless fragility. But if he could continue to live in his sea of blindness for just that bit longer, he would.

Dream swallowed thickly, trying desperately to not bore a hole into the hand pressing against the knee of his sweatpants, before searching from the deepest pit of himself to find any semblance of the confidence he so often prided himself on.

His eyebrows furrowed, as his lips gently parted in concentration, a large warm hand making its way to George's waist in the process, touch feather light. A gentle gasp, no louder than the echoes of the ceiling fan above them, came from him as inches turned to centimeters turned to millimeters.

Every part of him burned with the yearning of a thousand dreams he'd been culminating over the years, a thousand wishes on stars and tales to the moon to just give him one day, one hour, one *moment* of how he'd always wanted George.

He could feel George's breath, taste it almost, and yet still without breaking their eye contact (he was *melting* , and for the first time not letting it show in a sense of hopeless infatuation), he mumbled.

"Is this okay?"

He knew he'd rendered George speechless, too, while his own stomach flipped and turned in tornados of zeal and deep red roses, their thorns being the ever present reminder that this wasn't *real* . Dream shook at the sensation of their mouths brushing over each other as George breathed out a gentle 'yes'.

And just like that, he was swallowed whole by a sea of vermillion devotion, enrapturing his every move with the flames sparked from far too much light exposure without resolution.

Strawberry, creme, vanilla, rose petals, wine, crystalized sugar, frosting-- it was all *George* .

The brunet's hands had shot to steady themselves onto the blonde's shoulders as he tilted backwards under the force of Dream pressing forward into his mouth, the blonde's own hands clammy against the shirt that was far too big to be George's own, having to restrain himself from gripping as hard as he could against him.

Everything, *everything* that had been building for the years he'd known the brunet had led to this moment, *this* moment he'd sought after for what seemed like a millenia, everything he wanted, *needed* , from him was here for the taking, his lips, his hips, himself, all-

Dream faltered, barely noticeable to the brunet who let one of his hands slide to the blonde's hair and tug at the roots, when the bittersweet realization of *this* being a dress rehearsal. A practice for a sick and twisted show he was supposed to *perform*, to *act out* before it ending with nothing more than a curtain call to themselves and their best friend, a hanging of costumes to never wear again in the closet, and the fleeting memories of being on stage with the boy he'd fallen in love with.

Fuck it .

If this were to be the only time he'd get to kiss George on *their* terms, in the shelter of a room with a closed door, he'd do everything he could with it.

Letting rationality slip away along with the doubts clouding him before, he almost felt his chest *shake* under the taste of George. He was a *drug* , and Dream *knew* he'd never get enough of whatever toxin was seeping from between the brunet's slick lips.

With a steady push forward, the blonde laid him gently onto his back, pressing his mouth in to further slot the pair together, the smallest noise slipping from the boy's mouth as he, too, found himself pulling them closer, legs anxiously moving trying to find their place against the bedsheets.

For a second, the smallest second, Dream pulled away, not being able to take his eyes off of the flushed cheeks and pink, glossy lips adorning the boy beneath him. If he listened hard enough he could hear the small pants of the brunet in an attempt to catch what had been stolen from him.

The confidence that had been rooted in his movements had been used up, so he thought, as his large hands quaked in their spots against George's waist, the fabric of his shirt being pushed up just slightly to reveal delicious creme skin underneath.

Swallowing, Dream returned eye contact again, voice shaky.

"Is- Is this my shirt?"

Before the flush could overcome a taken aback George, the brunet gave an eyeroll and yanked the blonde forward by his neck, chills coating his body like permanent reminders of the true control he had over Dream.

"You put it in my laundry and I don't intend on giving it back."

Before he could protest, warm vanilla was pressed against him again and a thin leg made its way around his waist.

Oh

It was far, *far*, too much, and the addict in Dream knew he'd never be able to recover from this high.

Scorching red was sent across his body as he felt the brunet smirk into the kiss, hands digging into his neck and hair before breathlessly trying to speak in between.

He couldn't *breathe* with George all over him like he was; leg around his waist pulling him in, warm tongue dancing around his mouth, hands in his hair and digging into his neck, eyes shut tightly to experience *everything* all at once.

"Isn't this supposed to make us more comfortable with this?" George asked lithely, a tilt to his voice that made the blonde's mind *swirl* with some sort of obedience he couldn't *shake*. "What's wrong, Dreamie?"

Something about the words, something about *George* sent him off further into the depths of desire in shades of merlot.

Dream pushed back, his tongue pressing into the brunet's mouth as he let his hands dig into his delicate waist (idly wishing he could do more to promote blooms of lavender in their wake) as his eyebrows furrowed with intensity. One of the hands previously on George's waist slid up to where his leg had started to wrap around him and he gripped the brunet's thigh tightly, pushing it around his waist in a blind intensity he just couldn't shake.

For a fraction of a second, Dream could hear the smallest of whimpers escape George's mouth, his own hands becoming shaky against the blond which only sent him into a deeper spiral of *needing* to kiss him harder, faster, hold him tighter, get him *addicted* prove that he *needs* him, that he *wants* him.

Oh, Dream wanted George to want him more than it was necessary to *breathe*.

The blonde licked up into his mouth with what seemed to be the last stroke of boldness he had left as the intensity of it *all* caused his trembles to become larger under the scope of everything that was *George*.

Out of breath, the moment unbroken as they both stared hotly into each others eyes with blooming roses on their cheeks and volcanos filled with molten rock in their guts, Dream's own line of sight

veered off at the sight of pretty pale skin right *there* against his neck. It was as if George had *wanted* Dream to mark him up, claim him and have everyone he'd ever see *know* who he belonged to.

He leaned close, mind cycling through anything he could think of to excuse what he was asking permission for, their mouths still intimately moving together as he spoke and George panted.

“Is- Could- I-”

A quick slam of the door to the blonde's tiny room sent the pair off of each other, jumping away to either side of the bed as their eyes shot to where the noise had come from.

George quickly glanced at the blonde, panic in his eyes as he was breathing heavily for a different (and much less blissful) reason than he had been before.

There were a few options here, Dream recognized; it was Sadie (unlikely, considering she always knocks no matter what), his aunt coming to get him for *something* , or, it was his *mom* .

He swallowed at that, letting out a mortified laugh at the situation they'd strung themselves in. Although, the intense embarrassment coursing through his veins was nothing compared to the feeling of George still lingering on his lips, strawberries just out of reach for the biting.

Silently, they threw on clothes and very quickly got dressed to greet everyone who was there, the only words being passed being a whisper from George that he “thought everyone went out for breakfast today” which Dream assured back that they *had* .

Just out of sight from the kitchen archway where the pair could hear banter from the family and the faint sound of the TV, George stopped.

Glancing back quizzically, Dream took a step towards where the brunet was locked in place, his eyes down and seemingly filled with something almost sheepish.

“Are you-”

He was cut off by a beautiful brunet standing on his tiptoes and placing a delicate, feather-light, kiss over the blonde's lips. A simple brush of the pair together, before a small hand intertwined with his own.

Those same beams of light he'd grown to love had started their work on the freshly born chrysanthemums blooming in his chest and cheeks, and a gentle laugh sealed the deal as they walked into the small room together.

In a blurry haze of *holy shit did George just kiss me again* , he almost hadn't realized his mother now leaning down into his ear with a smirk evident in her voice, but he sure as hell *did* once the words registered.

“Just please use protection,”

“ *Mom!* ”

as i mentioned in the end notes of "dancing through life", i have been working through personal things for a while recently, and needed to take some time away from writing. new update by monday at the latest! :]

[my twitter](#)

chalky suits

Chapter Summary

Dream and George finally are getting to the meat of their agreement, but after being forced to face far too many similarities between him and his cousin, he's not so sure he's completely settled with the smoke and mirrors.

Chapter Notes

would like to mention that i realized this fic has a strong connection to the song "you are in love" by taylor swift. while unintentional, i strongly suggest you guys listen to this song to help capture the entire story im trying to convey :)

[you are in love](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After the intensity of the moments shared in Dream's entirely too small twin bed that morning, something in the blonde had switched. He truly didn't know what, but he *did* know that he'd caught himself falling more and more into his role as George's boyfriend, he kept forgetting what they were even *doing* .

Moments the pair clearly had no *need* to keep going, far out of sight from prying eyes of family or in places they could be easily caught off guard, continued to crop up. More and more stolen kisses outside their room, dreary mumbles overtop the sounds of far off birds outside their window, compliments and pet names that had seeped as routine into every moment they had, all of it was the definition of sweet domesticity wrapped in a hazy ball of addictingly sugary syrup.

The moments he recognized what they were doing were filled with swirling anxiety and constant pangs to his chest, however, his surprise at those growing far and few between was immeasurable. The beautiful warmth that flooded him like a sunset pouring itself deep within an ocean's trenches always managed to strike him as incredible, as it's sole appearance came out through wondrously tender moments or glances from his best friend.

At dinner the night prior, the brunet gave a subtle squeeze to his knee before getting up for water and gently asking if he needed anything while he was up, and the places his hands had touched left burn marks in their wake, hot and inviting. Or, afterwards when Sadie had gotten home from something with her friends and there was no more space on the couches anywhere in the living room for her to sit, Dream insisted they could squeeze closer and placed George onto his lap, arms locked securely around his waist, which produced a laugh that he'd recognized it's every part of; beat, chord, key, all of it, was ingrained in the blonde's head. A light and fond sound echoing through his skull in all of it's beauty and glory, without any barrier of fear to stop it.

It let them to where they were eventually, after giggles and shy smiles as they picked out their

clothes for one of the first steps of the true wedding process. Bashful comments thrown to each other as George sauntered out of the small bedroom and into the bathroom to change, leaving Dream in a familiar room to get himself fixed.

They had a half hour until they had to leave with the rest of their family to the rehearsal dinner, and thus, the situation called for only the nicest of clothing; button downs, dress pants, and sleek black shoes were all up for grabs, and the cloud that Dream had been floating on for the past two days hadn't dissipated yet as he dreadingly slipped into what he needed to.

Nothing *incredibly* special in his opinion, a simple white button down with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, a black tie and blazer to match his pants and shoes, and his hair brushed through yet still entirely too wavy to fully tame (his mom would tease him about having a lion's mane later). He felt, as Sapnap would say anytime they even remotely dressed up, *snazzy*.

George had slipped away (if the blonde thought hard enough he could still feel the soft slides of the boy's waist against his warm hands) out into the hall with a gentle upturn of his lips and a promise of return looking in his own words "far better".

Dream was almost *appalled* at the notion that *George* looked anything other than angelic in all of his being at all times of the day, the words "far better" implying he didn't look absolutely lovely with cherries dotting his cheeks against the pajamas they'd stayed in throughout the day. It was shocking to him that someone couldn't see the radiance from his every being even just in his purest state.

The door creaked open, snapping the blonde from where his eyes were locked on the cuffs of his shirt, mindlessly trying to get them to look as perfect as possible, and a thin hand wrapped its way around the wood.

There were many times Dream could feel stars in his eyes; every curve and peachy hue to the hearts dotting his vision and spreading through his warm body, but this time he *knew* that it would take a blind man to be unable to see how completely *intoxicated* he was with the figure in front of him.

Navy, it was *navy* that stretched across his fair skin, in the form of both his pants and tie, while his torso matched Dream's, adorned with white cotton and smooth milky buttons with rolled up sleeves, and *oh*, the *smile* cascaded down across his skin in deep rays, ones he could get lost in the sheer magnitude of if he stayed in their beams for too long.

His face was burning *bright* as George sauntered his way closer, his large hands growing clammier as wide and dilated eyes made their way in front of him. He let himself wrap an arm around the shorter's waist as no words left their mouths.

"You alright, Dream?" he asked, a lilt to his voice holding so, *so* much beyond its given tone.

Roses, chocolate, sweet nothings, gentles waves of love crashing against peachy hues waiting to be accepted with open arms, the faint ringing of bells, moonlight, lakes, the sound of rain against pretty windows-

"Yeah," he let out breathlessly, voice nothing more than a hush, "you look really nice."

The overwhelming presence of infatuation was evident in his voice, words lighter than he thought he could muster as he stared down into electrifying toffee eyes. The faintest blush imaginable spread across George's pale cheeks before a gentle laugh filled the air of the room.

His heart skipped a beat as George stood on the tops of his toes to get closer to the blonde's face, their breath mingling with each passing second, before he mumbled back.

"You're not so bad yourself?"

Both of Dream's hands now made their way to his waist, squeezing where they were possessively digging into pretty pale skin he *knew* was waiting underneath. He'd give anything to feel it against his calloused hands as he had only a few times before, as he managed to stutter back words.

"Is that right?"

They were *right there*, right on the edge of each other and warm flowers blossomed over their hearts when their lips finally met. Something behind it was off, and Dream knew that deep down in him; that whatever *this* was, these fits of passion to keep a rouse up with his family, would continue to be something he wished they weren't. But even so, even if *these* were his only moments with George, the beautiful brightness filling his lungs as he tasted the shorter boy on his own lips meant more than the short time they had.

Gentle taps on the door broke them away from each other, the room still *far* too hot, before a young voice called out from behind the wood.

"Mom wants you guys down and ready, like, now, so hurry up whatever you're doing," his sister's voice yelled, before the clink of nice shoes was also heard from behind the wall in front. Dream rolled his eyes before giving a shout back of "alright" and letting out a small laugh.

"What's so funny?" George quipped, moving his hands to adjust the blonde's tie. Something washed over Dream in that moment; something so familiarly unfamiliar.

Church bells, white table cloths, secret kisses behind walls of a building while dressed in sleek snow, the scent of warm bread and rain mixing through the air, it all felt so *real*. And suddenly, there was George, dressed to match his fair skin as cherry blossoms accentuated his freckle adorned cheeks, delicate hands making word of the black tie on Dream's own chest, with the promise of something more. A clink of metal and a gentle breeze as he fumbled with it, and it was all so, *so* far removed from his childhood bedroom and husk of what no one would consider a relationship, but it was *real*. It was *so real* to him, every moment and every image was so ingrained into his head that he knew whatever fucked up dream he was in *had* to be true; be it this reality or another. Somewhere, somehow, he was there with a pretty boy in white suits breathing in December air.

"Nothing, nothing,"

He took a breath, and the same boy was back in front of him.

"Just you."

Surrounded by family, Dream couldn't find a single person more important to look at than the gorgeous boy eating next to him.

Sophie had the same lopsided grin he had remembered, round cheeks and deep-set eyes with more brown in them than his own, but still hazel nonetheless, and scatters of freckles and strawberry

blonde hair matching that of her own mom's all were just as nice as he remembered, although the key difference in her features was the layer of *light* just under her eyes and barely out of side. That same glow burned brighter whenever she looked up to the tall brunet who was glued to her side, and seeing someone who'd spent many years hoping and dreaming for her own fairy tale like love, that of children's books and sweet stories swapped over generations and sweet tastes of pink and red and peach topped with buttercream, meant more than Dream could put into words.

He'd gotten acquainted with a few other family members he hadn't seen yet, introducing George as need-be, with an arm securely locked around the boy's hip and a few loving stares for good measure (definitely not a piece of his own guilty pleasure), but other than that it was whispers and laughs into each others' ears after awkward overheard conversations from a few people over until they were able to finally sit.

It was as they were eating, the food being served buffet style for their large group, and sitting in a reserved, quiet section of the outside patio, that more than a few things sunk in.

One; moonlight was definitely his favorite kind of light. Still bright, still with the capabilities of cutting through negative energy and renewing its place with love and hope, and certainly still capable of true and unequivocal beauty, that of more than a sun's rays or its shine could dare to dream of.

Secondly, George looked stunning under the light of stars and dim tables.

He *knew* he was beautiful, he knew it better than anyone else ever could, but there was something about the atmosphere (Maybe the laughter? The drinks? Being surrounded by family and then someone he *wished* could be accepted in as a usual? Dream would never fully grasp what it was.) that made every detail, from the splotches of toffee staining pale cheeks to the waves of full chocolate, rich and welcoming, coming from the top of his head, were shown in their entire radiance and intricacy under the fallen sky.

Every laugh, word, move of his hand, bump of shoulders, all of it, caused his chest to tighten, sparks of an inability to breathe spreading through him like a contagion.

"Blake, you met George, right?" Sophie asked, breaking both the conversation and Dream from his distracted thoughts, setting down her glass.

"Yeah, Clay gave me the rundown earlier,"

Dream and George exchanged soft smiles, one of the blonde's big hands moving to sit firmly on the other's thigh reassuringly before looking back at his cousin, about to open his mouth to speak.

"Did he *also* mention how George has been his favorite conversation topic for *years* now?"

"-*Sophie!*" Dream interrupted, a vibrant red flushing his tanned skin as the table filled with raucous laughter on all sides, and when he went to squeeze the brunet's thigh next to him in embarrassment he felt the boy *also* laughing.

Was it really that obvious? That *exposed* that everyone had taken notice?

"No, really! I hadn't seen him in forever and he was the first thing he mentioned!" she reaffirmed, familiar eye crinkles making their way to form on her face as she wrapped a hand around her fiancé.

"I get told all the time how much Dream would talk about me, even before this," George responded, smirk curling on his face as he gestured to the pair. Just *barely* exposed for the light to

see, something no one would ever notice if they weren't *Dream* , was a hint of surprise, almost a sense of being taken aback.

But how could Dream *not* talk about George? It came so naturally it was almost as if it were the universe itself calling him to speak on him, about him, *everything* .

The mortification flooding through him, made his eyebrows furrow in *frustration* . He was *embarrassed* for wanting to talk about George, for his rambles about the beautiful, lovely, *stunning* , boy he was *lucky* enough to call his best friend. He wanted to shout from the top of his lungs that George deserved it, *more* than deserved it, he *should* be spoken about with only the most beautiful and loving overtones and note sequences. White doves and silver looping through the dips and curves of each letter and sentence, and nothing less.

"I remember when me and Blake first started talking," Sophie continued softly, her eyes lifted and filled with only the sweetest of care, true and unfiltered honesty. It made something in Dream's own heart halt, focusing in on what she was saying and blocking out to worldly white noise distracting him.

"All my friends got so annoyed with how I managed to fit him into every conversation,"

"Dream, Clay, dude, I get it, George would've loved this part or hated that, can we please talk about how you liked the movie?"

Dream swallowed, letting the words seep into his chest and arms and fully make their way into him.

"But, the thing was, I didn't care, you know? I loved what I was doing, and- and I loved him, so why couldn't I talk about him?"

His chest tightened, lungs feeling far too big for his body and constricting tightly as a result. He knew better than anyone else in the world what his cousin was trying to explain, the complete and utter disregard of what others had to say about *his* love, *his* love that was special and that he held close to his chest and nurtured like a growing flower sprouting into a garden of infatuation and adoration. It was *his* to nourish and let release into full bloom and no one else's.

"And I remember you, Clay, always spoke to him the *same* way I did, and- and one of the times, I forget what family thing was happening, but *something* , and you had this look in your eye, and something clicked for me. I knew you guys would end up together, no matter how many days, months, or, hell, even *years* , and it's just- super cool to actually see it."

Dream hadn't noticed the hand circling around his upper arm, until he felt a gentle cheek rest against his shoulder and a hum of approval. With a tightened throat, the blonde mustered the ability to look at the boy now looking at him with *wonder* in his pupils, candles flickering in the dead of night, waiting to be seen and to enthrall someone in their glow and presence.

It took so much of him, so much of his shaking body to let out the breath he was holding and give some sort of response, in fact, it was *too* much. George caught him before he could.

"He's a sweetie," was all that came, hushed almost as if it were meant to only be heard by the two of them.

A gentle shine covered the blonde's eyes, as *far* too much fell over him. The days of chaste kisses and mumbles under the covers of both his childhood bed and the moon all came crashing onto his shoulders and sending rings through his ears and quakes to the faults of his body. Dream

swallowed, swallowed down not just the saliva building inside his somehow dry mouth, but also the fear, the hurt, the *weight* of the reality he had built for the two of them. The reality that was real to him, more than just a dream or figment of his imagination, but didn't mean more beyond himself. Beyond his selfish desires to keep George to his chest and away from the *real* parts of love; the parts of love that he *deserved* to experience.

The parts that after the times they'd spent together, he'd never get to live out with anyone else.

"Something tells me we may be at a similar dinner to this in a year or so if those two keep it up," his mother chimed in, warm smile sliding into place as she nodded towards the pair.

Dream's hand was still on George's thigh, gripping the limb with every ounce of regret, and possessively, and things he wished he could take back, do over again, the undying wish to just *love* and not live in this helpless craze of fear because nothing was truly real; his glass exterior with George's being of smoke making a spectacular show of passion and fire only to take an unnoticed bow at the end of their performance.

It was a sickly sweet poison, luring his stupidly blind body into a false sense of security with sweet strawberries and the promise of suits made of chalk only to destroy him from the inside out and rip apart every bit of himself that he had left with its toxins.

George leaned up and pressed a gentle kiss to his cheek, lips stilling against his freckles. It was intoxicating, but cemented something he needed to accept.

"If Dream can work up the nerves to ask, then I suppose so," George gave back, and *oh* there were the shades of red and the sweet sense of chocolate spreading through his system like a drug.

The conversation drifted off after that, and as Dream glanced over to where Blake and Sophie sat, light pouring into each others souls and unconditional love swirling around them, as much as he hated to acknowledge it, he had come to recognize something.

"Are you alright?" George whispered, concern evident in the *kindness* in his tone. It made Dream *reel*, it made him *want*, and *desire*, and-

"Course," he mustered back, hand sliding just that much up from where it was, possessive streaks of cadmium undertones through the movement, "M' with you, babe."

Cherry blossom, sunsets, stars dotting the sky over fairy lights; all perfectly exposed onto George's cheeks, as his eyelids lowered and he let out a hum.

He was so irrevocably in love with George, all other tracks he'd attempt to pursue after the charade had passed would never feel as real as the smoke that had enraptured him when he considered him his.

Their suits had been discarded, sent into the wash and ties hung up to be used for the following day, the day that would define everything forward and mark the last of whatever they'd had planned.

Dream couldn't sleep. Not with the thoughts of hope, and fear, and gentle coos, and songs, and the chimes of bells all sending him into spirals.

George was using the bathroom far longer than the blonde was, assumingly because he needed more alone time than he did. Dream had always needed time to himself, but there was something about the brunet that never failed to make him feel whole, *welcomed*, and never bored or tired. He knew this came from love; love that was more than he could amount to in words or in the actions he took, and that he would never be *capable* of describing in its entirety.

George, on the other hand, after days like these filled with pet names and sweet inhibitions needed more time to debrief and unload. So Dream never minded this time alone, especially not when he was awaiting nights to hold the boy close to his chest and match up their heart beats and breaths.

He'd give anything, take anything, to have these moments forever. To live them in reality, not the fake world they'd been building.

A hum brought him back to the world, and a nudge to his back as George moved over top of him to lay beside him.

There was that light again, the same bits of the moon and stars wrapped into one body and giving him all in his simple existence.

Silence and the light chirp of crickets, were all the real world had to offer him as Dream closed his eyes to try and calm the sea of oceans and clouds drowning him in doubt and fear.

But he was stopped abruptly, by sweet crystalized sugar being placed upon his lips with fervency, a drive beneath them he knew all too well and *felt* within his own bones whenever he was with the brunet. His hands shot to the boy's hips, who'd already climbed closer to him and had his small waist pressed against the blonde's.

George pulled away, still against the taller's lips as his hands still rested against his cheeks.

"Do that," he mumbled, breathing shaky as he did.

Dream's heartbeat couldn't be held by his ribs, a continuous alarm clock that could never be stopped but only subsided by being enraptured by his best friend's gentle lips made of sin and silver.

"What?"

"When we have to dance tomorrow," George continued, "kiss me like that."

Stars were in the brunet's eyes, and so was the sense of vulnerability Dream had never felt from the boy before, something he'd never been *allowed* to see. The quells in his voice, his eyes wide rather than half lidded, the desperate way he clung to Dream's face like a lifeline.

It *oozed* of desperation, and Dream was a very impulsive person.

"I will."

The blonde surged forward, taking charge of the shorter's mouth and pressing all of himself into the kiss, every piece of the light that George had given him right there for him to see and take back. It made him *shake* from the intensity of what he was giving.

"I promise," he mumbled against his lips.

And when George looked him in the eye, the same vulnerability there and spread out for Dream to take and protect or destroy in its entirety, he knew he would fulfill his promise.

Every single one to follow, too.

Chapter End Notes

next is the BIG one- please be patient with me! im going to try my best to get it out on sunday (if not before), but it contains some scenes that i want to get nothing but perfect, and im anticipating upwards of 6-8k words, so again, just be patient with this one! i like to think it'll be more than worth the wait <3

[my twitter](#)

room apart under the arch

Chapter Summary

Dream and George attend Sophie's wedding.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Everything surrounding the pair at the front of the yard was nothing short of *beautiful* .

Dream's pattern of waking up in the early hours of the morning hadn't ceased on the day they'd been anticipating for what felt like months at this point, although unlike the past few days of mumbled words and chaste kisses, George had slept soundly through.

The sun hadn't even risen, hadn't broken the skyline flooding the world with tangerine and peach and all things born of golden dust, but Dream, who to many had been considered a sun, *had* made his rise. Those hours were something he knew he wouldn't be able to let go of, with a beautiful boy in his arms, shaky breaths and crystalized eyes at the notion of having to one day let him go. He didn't understand how he was able to slip back into unconsciousness. But these were problems for another day, when his already clouded mind could focus on something other than the haze of euphoria he'd been living in.

They spoke very little as they got dressed, the sounds of idle birds and a cool breeze through their window being their background comfort while they prepared for the performance, what they'd been prepping for, the *point* of this entire mess they'd spiraled into.

George had opened his mouth to say something once they both looked as tidy as they could, eyes pouring into something inside of Dream that he just couldn't grasp.

That *stare* , it was one he'd recognized from the night prior, the light that would consistently flood the blonde's body, now apparent and swirling through the words and shaky movements of the boy in front of him, and it was so familiar that he couldn't understand what it could mean or how he was *seeing* it. No words came out, as he leaned forward to press a kiss onto the taller's cheek, cocky smirk reappearing in its usual location.

"Let's do this, yeah?"

And before they could blink, bursts of lavender and silver chains were their surroundings, petals and purses dancing around each other in a cool bouquet of new beginnings and unwavering support.

Their hands were clasped together, chairs as close as they could be as their eyes sat glued onto the couple in front of them, just as every other person around them had.

Sophie and Blake looked nothing less than stunning as they stared into each other with unwavering infatuation, the light of the moon and sun feeding into them and meeting a cool equilibrium of both night and day's gifts to the world and humanity.

Even as Dream was trying his damn best to focus on the words of the officiant, he couldn't seem to

remember a word because of the way George had started leaning into him. It was subtle, not noticeable to anyone *other* than the blonde who'd made a habit of over analyzing everything his best friend did, just a gentle lean into his shoulder as their already connected hands slid onto Dream's leg, their space becoming one as every other sound of mother nature and tender voices faded into a constant television static, stuffing his ears with nothing but dead air as everything turned to fresh lavender among dark curls.

A gentle squeeze, again, something barely noticeable but still nonetheless done with purpose and drive, brought the blonde back to reality, head shaking slightly as the rest of the world bled into color again. The greys and darkness covering everyone outside of *him* had melted away and taken their proper shape again, and sentences began relentlessly filling his brain.

"...and I remember when I had first met you, and all I could think was 'wow, *how* is he real'..."

Vows, they were giving their vows, Dream had thought to himself, eyes narrowing in on where his cousin clad in snow and adoration stood shaky with hand gripping onto a piece of paper where her own sightline was bouncing between that and her soon to be husband.

Something about the words felt oddly nostalgic, like it had come from a memory of his own and printed onto a paper to tell someone else's story, but he had known he wasn't *there* for their first meeting, hell, he'd only met the guy a few times before and it sure wasn't right when they'd met.

No, it was a different kind of familiar, one of late nights bleeding into early mornings of quiet voices and sleepy conversations, of chestnuts and coffee swirling in his vision with deep pulses of warmth, of linoleum tiles and shitty LED lights illuminating an airport that he was far too anxious to be in, of heads under chins and the blooms of heat spreading through his body like a forest fire ravaging a helpless set of trees, of doves and silver and butterflies and strawberries and chocolate and roses and hope and-

"...you had mentioned within the first six months of us dating that if we were to get married, you'd need me to love you the same as I did during all of our firsts, and nothing less,"

Something settled under Dream's skin, something airy and undeniably delicate, before she continued with no hesitation.

"And above everything, I intend to keep that promise, until the day we die. So yes, Blake Solace, I promise. And we both know I've never broken a promise, so I don't intend to ruin that here. I love you."

"When we have to dance tomorrow, kiss me like that."

"I will."

This time, George squeezed his hand with more emphasis, a boldness he had shown quite often over the course of their arrangement evident in the movement. But it had made all the difference to him when the words uttered just before he did so, were the same he'd mumbled against soft pink lips the night before, breathy and reduced to a thousand pieces of himself that all loved George in a thousand different ways, each.

"I promise."

He'd found more than he bargained for when he looked down, the rest of the guests fully enraptured into the ceremony, expecting a goofy smirk, a nod to the *stupid* moments from the night prior, a nod to the charade being over in just under twenty four hours, but instead was left

with a unprecedented sight.

Glassy brown eyes ducking down as tufts of hair leaned against his chest, hands still gripped tightly together in what seemed to be an unbreakable bind.

It wasn't a look of sadness, nor was it something of joy, but rather a swirl of clouds and clouds of closed away emotions locked behind doors Dream knew he would never gain the key to.

All he could do was keep his promises; the ones of love, the ones of dances, the ones of friendships, the ones of cherry blossoms and tangerines, the ones of acidic torment, *every* single one he'd ever made.

He squeezed George's hand in his, his own eyes shining of jade and glass.

Fulfillment in his heart, and a boy in his arms is how he spent the remainder of the time surrounded by symbols of enamorment and reckless, unwavering love.

The pair was lucky enough to have been sat with the rest of Dream's immediate family, rather than some odd extended family member he'd never met who'd probably asked random small talk questions that would lead to uncomfortable air and far too much overcompensation for their relationship.

The *other* bonus to the wedding being set up was the lack of kids running around wildly and making a scene, or pulling on pant legs and dresses asking who people are with a wide eyed sense of wonderment. Sadie was the only exception to the "no kids" rule, because Sophie demanded her fifteen year old self to be her flower girl, under any circumstances. How she had asked her was heartwarming, one of the sweetest things that Dream knew, and had stuck with the blonde far longer than his cousin probably even realized.

Dinner was what was expected, banter about how gorgeous the couple looked together, how Sophie's makeup had been nothing short of perfection and her hair styled in long auburn curls, how Dream definitely did *not* cry at the end of the ceremony because he was watching someone who felt like another sister to him get married, sly comments from his mom about seeing him and his best friend in matching bleached suits in a similar garden of love they'd built and founded, all things the pair had expected together.

"No, you all are *so annoying*, I was *not* crying," Dream groaned, letting his head fall into one of his hands. The topic had been dropped for a while, but all it took was a snide comment from his sister about him 'crying like a baby' to reignite the fire over the table.

"Baby, you can just admit it, I was *right* next to you," George laughed, nudging the blonde in the side while looking up with a cheeky smile and flashes of confidence in his deep eyes.

The brunet had always managed to kindle the deepest of flames in his gut, be it of frustration, the most secret desires he had, or those implacable ones he couldn't fit cleanly into either category. Snickers from his mom *and* sister added to the air, causing an even deeper set eye roll from Dream, idly eyeing the waiters at the surrounding tables taking away their now empty dinner plates presumably getting ready for whatever they'd had planned next.

"No, no, no, I will *not* be taking crap about crying at my little cousin's *wedding* , from the man

who balled his eyes out watching ‘Inside Out’,” Dream continued, his own smirk born of frustration coiling on his lips as an arm slyly snaked around the boy’s waist and gripped the meat of his hip.

George sputtered out a response, his cheeks growing red as the other two’s laughter increased exponentially, the blonde’s own being added to the warm air of cinnamon and cocoa powder. Before any real words could get out, the booming of a tapped microphone caused their heads to whip to the front of the reception hall, the sweetheart’s table in clear view as bright hazel eyes scanned the room, tall brunet standing just as enthused next to her as she began to speak.

“Well, hello *again* everyone,” she started, “I’m pretty sure we got around to each of the tables to say hi, but if not after we talk up here for a bit please don’t forget to come chat!”

George moved his chair to turn towards the couple, Dream’s hand gripping him having to slip off while they turned to look together. They resumed closer than they had been before, the blonde indulging in gripping the shorter’s hip tighter than he needed too.

“Before we get to any kind of dancing, we wanted to introduce our lovely maid of honor and best man, respectively, so to start *off* the speeches, this is my best friend, basically my sister at this point, and my beautiful maid of honor Lily.”

A gentle applause was heard as one of the girls Dream had recognized as the one his cousin had been attached to at the *hip* during her highschool years, granted a few years older than those years of braces and braids, but her nonetheless. The blonde hit just under where his hand had been gripping to give his applause without having to let go, which caused an eye roll and a shift towards him from George.

“You’re such an idiot,” he let out with a golden laugh of citrus and cherries spreading into sweet tartness across his tongue; drawing him in just like the absolute *addict* that he was. A flash of umber eyes and a sweet smile was all it took for his veins to be shot through with dopamine and infatuation. He brought himself back into reality as he noticed Lily had already begun speaking.

“I remember us last year in Soph’s dorm, and I was trying to make plans with her and she sheepishly looked to me and told me she had yet *again* agreed to help Blake with his calculus. Which, normally, that’d seem like a good enough excuse, if he wasn’t a *math major*.”

Laughs fell across the crowd, and throughout the blonde’s table, too, until there was a tinge of something on the tip of his tongue he couldn’t quite explain; something odd, something filled with familiarity.

“And, mind you, this is the kid we had been super close with since high school, one of our closest people, and we both *knew* he didn’t need help with what he was *majoring in*, but I *did* know that there was definitely a reason as to why my beloved best friend Sophie was forcing herself to painstakingly help him with her least favorite subject despite knowing he could wizz through it.”

Dream swallowed thickly, the world growing hazy as his mind was flooded with oceans and oceans of memories, words cramming his mind loudly, screaming at him as he sat there with an ache in his chest.

“*You hate editing. Despise it, why the fuck are you forcing yourself through doing double time? George literally-*”

“*I offered, he’s been having a rough week, dude, I- I just wanna make it a little easier. You- You know?*”

Without much of a pause, she was already off like a rocket speaking again.

“And it was that night I had made a joke about how she had basically a school-girl crush on this guy, and she threw back some halfhearted insult, and now that I’m remembering it, I think her pillow too-”

More laughs, and more film reels coated with water seeping through his skull.

“We get it, you’re head over heels hopelessly in love with George but could you please-”

“-You’re so stupid,”

“-But there was this moment, when she- when she was talking about him, it was like, I could *hear* something in how she spoke that, it was just different. Special, and always reserved for him.”

“You talk about him differently, you know. Like you could spend, basically forever with him and never get tired.”

“-I- I feel that about you too, though, you’re like my brother and-”

“It’s different, dipshit. We both know that.”

Dream glanced at the boy next to him, his shoulders sunk, something inside of him *wrong* despite the neutral face pulling at his cheeks. He couldn’t keep his eyes fixed onto the brunet as long as he wanted to, the desire to roam over the brunet’s face, take in every piece of his porcelain skin and narrow features, as he was forced back into the speech of the girl ahead of him.

“But- But I had this moment. And it was odd, but I just- I was like, ‘*holy shit she’s in love with her best friend*’, and-”

“ You need to fucking calm down, I don’t know why you’re acting like a toddler but you need to handle yourself for five more minutes.”

“We get it, you’re head over heels hopelessly in love with George but could you please-”

Crystal clear images of his other best friends’ face dotted his vision like sick clouds wound together by memories and sheepish replies.

Dream knew he’d never be able to rid himself of that night, the one just after George had moved in while he and Sapnap had been sent out to get food for the trio. The eyes the shorter had given him as they sat together in the car, waiting for their food, poured into him like a knife through his skull. The air was thick, dense as Dream finally gave into the eye contact of his friend.

“You’d tell me if you were actually in love with George, right?”

It caught him off guard, startled him, rattled him *so* much he couldn’t even *remember* the bullshit excuse he had given afterward. It was a heap of letters and stutters that he couldn’t remember or even comprehend.

The only memory that stuck through the dimly lit car, orange haloing their heads from the only available night in the dark sky, was Sapnap’s face and eyes. Distrust of the blonde’s helpless stuttering and a settling of *knowing* behind brown eyes was all he could see. A look that *screamed* that he knew, that he could see through everything within Dream’s soul on a silver platter and laid out for him and anyone else to look at and dive into.

A look that screamed “holy shit, he’s in love with his best friend”.

Before he could settle the bubbling in his stomach at the realization of the parallels between his life and the bride before him’s, lavender floated away from him, a broken mumble and the scoot of a chair being the only sounds Dream could hear as he watched his star, *his* date, *his* best friend stand up and walk out of the the reception hall, slipping away out of the sea of affection and unfiltered love throughout the room into the cold open air of what Dream seemed to guess was his reality.

Blonde hair from the teen across from him whipped to where the boy had walked, the sound of double doors faintly being pushed open being heard by both of the siblings as their eyes connected. Furrowed brows above topaz eyes were screaming, *go, you idiot, follow him*, prompting his own to cling to the last bit of a dark suit jacket against a navy sky that he could from where they were seated.

Silently, he slid of his seat and practically ran once he was out of earshot from the maid of honor’s sappy words of friendship and love over the years she’d known the bride and groom, continuing on and on about how she’d *always* known they’d end up there, in front of family and friends and-

Maybe it’s a good idea I left.

Cold air bit his face, attacking his tanned cheeks with the might of ice’s burns against warm skin. Quiet flooded his ears, the sounds of joy, and hope, and *love* that were engulfing his ears prior being reduced to nothingness, a contrast so loud it almost suffocated him right there in the now abandoned yard.

Dream let his eyes scan the layout of the lakeside venue, jade hovering over the pieces of land he hadn’t quite noticed during the earlier ceremony; too enamored with the representation of all things beautiful combined into a person of royal blue hues next to him. His new shoes, bought by his mom after she insisted on getting him nice ones just for the occasion, made little sound over the stone path as he followed the same way he’d seen Sophie had entered, clad in a powdered sugar dress and starlit hazel eyes, earlier in the day.

Dream swallowed, eyes being pulled to the lake from the left of where he’d been sitting, the view under the stars something he didn’t think he’d be able to ever shake. The bushes themselves had lights like that of fireflies against them, illuminating his walk as he made his way towards-

George.

He stopped dead in his tracks, maple leaves clouding his cheeks and magma flooding down his arms and hands, dripping to their stop. George, *his* George, stood under the now dimly lit wedding arch, white cloth draped around the curves of each post and lavender flowers that matched the scent he’d drank in gulps of over the past days spotted it’s surface area.

And Dream stood at the other end of the isle, petrified of his want, his need, his *desire* to cross the threshold and break the distance, just as they had months ago in a shitty airport and gold making its way across their skin.

Silver bells, silver rings, silver encrusted eyes, melted forms of a blinding grey surrounded the *stunning* figure ahead of him, looking out upon the oceans of water, oceans of *emotions* swirling between them, with all the beauty and grace of a swan taking its first flight of its own.

His body eventually began to cooperate with the pangs of need to reach out and extend himself to George, as he took gentle steps towards the brunet under the lights of the arch and stars. It was only when he was right in behind him, he let a gentle arm reach across the shorter’s shoulders as he

gave as gentle of a question as he could.

“Are you alright?”

Eyes of coffee grounds, sweet cream mixed with the darkest of olive into a beautiful blend, lit by the the waves of something deep inside him bubbling to the surface, flickered to the blonde’s own face.

Opal dreams and obsidian realities faced the pair as they stood, motionless from the stirring in their gut.

“Yeah, yeah,” he mumbled, chest rising as he sunk into the embrace of sweet lime eyes feeding his own with affection and tang, “just- felt a little sick. Probably the cramped-ness of the room.”

A husk of a laugh fell from his lips as neither could find it in them to break to silence with the sound of breathing. The sound of life, when dahlias dotted the green around them and the sounds of gentle water sealed their moment.

“It’s nicer out here, anyways,” George continued, a delicate hand made of paper thin bones running it’s way along the arch.

And there, with a prepossessing amalgamation of everything Dream deemed affection in its purest state, running his hands over the greatest symbol of promise, of *love* he could imagine, he couldn’t fathom a universe where he couldn’t be irrevocably in love with George.

His heart beat couldn’t be contained by the bone encasing it, spreading through to the tips of his ears and the palms of his hands, now shaky and clouded with desire, desperation, *the need*, to give everything he could to the brunet in front of him, to give everything he *was* to the boy in front of him.

He’d pour every part of his being on a silver platter if he asked him to, if he’d even slightly seem *interested* in what Dream was now, then, and could possibly be.

The low hum of crickets became background fuzz, sparks if you will, as George opened his mouth again, a clear and distinct force of eye contact being his sanctity.

“Do you ever want to get married, Dream?”

George in white, the blood orange drips of sunset paint igniting fireworks on both of their skin, strong arms steady themselves around a thin waist as he could scream to the world “This one’s mine”, pictures under the stars, a cold winter’s night covered in scarves and each other’s clothes as he takes a knee and unleashes the sea of love that had been building for oh so long all put into the form of a single cut gem against a silver band-

“I’d love to,” he hushed back, taking a gentle step closer as he stuttered, “I can’t imagine myself not.”

Dream followed the shorter’s adam’s apple as it bobbed, indicating a thick swallow at the urgency, the *need* in his voice. His lip almost looked as if it were quivering with the weight of what he had said.

“You?” Dream extended back, almost on the edge of a spark turning into a brutal flame, at the *need* to hear the words fall from his lips, the *need* for every hope and dream and fantasy to even be a *possibility-*

“I like to think if the right person asked me,” George started, faint noise of a door being propped open from just beyond sightline being nothing but static to the blonde as he helplessly poured himself into the shorter’s gaze.

“Yes.”

The word was almost broken under the fragility of the brunet’s voice; every layer of confidence and coyness stripped away and leaving behind the most frail and hidden part of the brunet now on display for only Dream to see, to know, to be with, to *love* .

Cherry blossoms and chocolate spread his system like a lone spark caught onto a piece of driftwood, igniting a wildfire to spread dangerously through his bloodstream.

Piano, the faint plunk of keys and violins in the distance flowing out of a now opened door spread through the pair’s systems, shaking through them as earthquakes and rocks shattering the glass house they’d built for themselves.

He couldn’t quite recall what the song was, the instrumental being too unlike anything he could put his finger on-

Oh .

Red flushed his face and neck as it sunk in what song was playing; the number one wedding song of the year for what was probably the fourth year in a row, the song *everyone* had heard before on the radio or in sappy proposal videos, and one Dream had even spent an embarrassing amount of time wondering what it would be like to sway in someone’s embrace with the chord progression in the background.

The pair stood dumbfounded by the sudden music, eyes being pulled to the opening of the ongoing reception in its own section of the world, separate from the duo.

Piano and the low hum of the moon. Two things Dream could bask in forever if it meant he could stay in this very moment, right there.

“If I remember correctly you owe me a dance,” George started, a tilt to his voice sending sparks through the blonde’s veins as he sputtered out a response.

“I- I do, don’t I?”

His eye contact was forced to meet the shorter’s and *oh* did the world melt into shades of lavender and a deep red as he took in the alabaster skin and perfectly peach cheeks shining with the light of every star in the solar system reflecting back at him.

Gingerly, and with as much grace as he could, Dream slid forward, arms encircling George’s waist with the care of a thousand flowers growing to full bloom, as the brunet’s own wordlessly gripped sturdy shoulders in front of him.

By the grace of Selene, or perhaps mother nature herself guiding the two, something fit together in that moment, something of silver encased chocolate and intense heat. Something that filled Dream’s gut to the brim with possession, yet not daring to make its way to the surface, as to break the idle peace between the pair as they started to sway.

Dream didn’t know how to fully take in the music behind him, so faint yet pounding through his skull like a reminder of his *love* for the boy in his arms, desperately clinging onto the shorter’s waist as a film of clouds covered olive eyes.

He didn't know when, he didn't know how long they had stood there dancing, but it had felt like *hours* in when George pressed himself forward, his cheek resting into the taller's warm chest just begging to be wrapped in an embrace of security, of home, of something *beyond* them.

And he'd be damned if he didn't give it to him.

There was no moment of full recognition as to why the shiny tears sprung to the blonde's eyes in those fleeting moments of strings and keys continued their song, but under the arch made to symbolize the deepest connection of commitment, Dream couldn't help but *smile* .

It was so *intimate* , so *personal* , with no eyes other than their own to tell them who they had to be or present. It was the smell of mocha, roses for no other reason aside from reassurance, mumbles over messy sheets, a meal spent with the company of the stars and planets beyond them, it was *everything* sweet and delicate and filled with *hope* .

A smile of milk and honey was felt into his chest, and etched into his own face, as he realized their time was dwindling.

In the sense of plum dances against the moon, and the performance they'd been in a constant state of for the past week.

Lilac determination, the LEDs beneath them feeding into Dream's bones and muscles like a steroid spun through him as he broke their tight bind to cup the shorter's cheek.

His heart *ached* at the vulnerability in dark glassy eyes as they looked up at him, yet he kissed him as he had promised he would.

The sun's rays, the sky's navy blessings, the golden lights surrounding them, *everything* that gave him the courage and strength to keep his love strong and filled to the brim with *him* was poured into that desperate kiss under the arch.

George pushed back, just as he had the night prior, pulling Dream's face as close as he possibly could, and with the might of Helios in his veins he let cherries spread through each other's systems with reckless abandon.

Music faded out behind them, as their lips continued to move together in a beautiful dance just as the one they had been entangled in moments before, desperately clinging to each other with the desire of a thousand suns long burnt out over time.

As they disconnected, Dream was *entranced* , completely, and utterly *entranced* by the deity in his arms, clinging to the collar of his suit jacket with glassy eyes and a marble figure.

The exchange was devoid of sound, the echo of their breath on each others' lips being the only noticeable change in their being as faint cheers faded away their bubble of sanctity within the garden of love Dream had been building for years without notice.

Shiny eyes pouring into each other, before a head tilt to the open glass door was their last form of communication against a navy sky.

A large warm hand and a cool delicate one joined together as they walk towards the place they'd entered from approached faster and faster, the reality of *leaving* behind what they'd blossomed together with the kindness and nurture they'd fostered within sways and grips of pale skin into a field of primroses, alstroemerias, sunflowers, chrysanthemums and roses all thriving amongst a foundation of green.

The intensity, the noise, and the heat of the reception hall bit their faces as they walked into the tiled hallways, singeing them with ash and the rubble of laughter and fun, an upbeat song playing in the background.

As they made their way back to the table, hands interlocked with Dream's promise forever sealed within it, he looked down at the boy to his right.

A flurry of inescapable memories settled beneath his surface, and he knew that no matter what else happened, if the Earth stopped spinning, the moon stopped turning, the ground beneath them shook and broke with the anger of the people that came before them, he knew one thing would remain a forever constant, the one thing that would outlast every other moment.

Dream would never be able to rid himself of the deep rooted flowers and light George had planted in his heart, or the promises of hope he'd placed into his.

Chapter End Notes

just in case you guys needed any more ache in your heart, here is the song they danced to :)

[perfect wedding version](#)

as always, thank you for reading, and i hope you enjoyed this chapter (it was a joy to write) <3

[my twitter](#)

guessing game

Chapter Summary

It's time for Dream and George to go, and more than just their stay is over.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Morning came all too quick for Dream's liking.

Perhaps it was the intimacy from the night previous, the beautiful lights surrounding him and his angel underneath the same dark sky that had filled precious moments between states of sleep. Perhaps it was that the pair seemed something akin to tipsy as they stupidly danced against each other in the crowded space to cheesy 2010s pop songs, hands grazing hips and breath mixing within the hot air they'd created together. Perhaps it was the amount of times their lips found their way to each other frantically, desperate to not let this moment fade away just as anything else would, leaving their empty hands grasping at smoke and air of the figure that was once there. Perhaps it was the way Dream knew he was so far gone into the pool of the hot white light that made up *George* he could never swim back out; it had consumed his lungs, his organs, his mind, *everything*, and he'd come to realize he'd be more than willing to drown for the euphoria it spawned.

As the night had grown long they'd become sloppier, thoroughly and irrevocably in love as they spun through the dance floor and to tables parading around the love they'd been building together for far longer than even they had realized. Under the cover of darkness, even in their uber home, Dream had managed to steal kisses and touches as a last ditch effort to enjoy the vanilla and lavender dripping from the boy's lips and pale skin.

They'd passed out together in a heap of warmth and an abundance of intimacy swirling through their breath and heartbeats, mingled together beneath Artemis' light blessing the pools of their features with sleep.

Over the course of the week Dream had begun to appreciate the moon and stars for exactly what they are worth, and he'd come to realize how overrated the morning sun was, as it's praise was standard, it was expected to love the sun and their rays in their entirety. Yet the moon wasn't appreciated, wasn't soaked in for all of it's beautiful glory and treated so gently in warm palms with only the most positive intentions.

Which made the sun's bright and frankly obnoxious light through the blinds of his window leave an entirely sour and bitter taste throughout not only his mouth, but his entire body.

He knew they'd need to be up and out of the house as soon as possible, he *knew* that, he knew it like he knew his own name, or each and every star lining the brunet in his arm's cheeks exact placement to the pore they laid on top of. They had videos to edit, lives to live, money to make; they needed to go back to the real world.

But how could he ever? How could he ever *live* with the inability to take George how he had before, with an arm around his waist and a proud smile of *this one's mine* written between the

crevices of his teeth. It was *absurd* , almost *repulsive* to think of a world where brushes of lips together for no one but themselves to see were nothing more than the act they'd been putting on for the week.

It was more than that. More than the sham of a play they'd put on for anyone who'd listen and watch, with faces made of makeup and paint to cover up any semblance of truth or reality that could try and seep through the cracks. More than slow dances, and wedding cake, and dinners, and banter with parents, and his sister and best friend laughing at him, and giggles between sweet kisses, and questionable moments of *what if* , and large hands intertwined with delicate ones; it was more than *all* of that.

It was more than that to Dream. To a boy who desperately wanted to give his best friend the world, hanging each cloud and planting each tree by hand, kiss away every scar and tear that dared to try and break pretty pale skin, and truly envelop him in everything that meant and encapsulated incontestable *love* .

If that undeniable feeling of true ecstasy ran throughout George's blood and took over his heart, too, then it was unbeknownst to the blond.

The car was packed, minimal luggage already shut away from minute before they were back where they had been before; standing on the porch of Dream's childhood home as his mom and sister stood inside the house in front of them.

Dream's eyes were cloudy, and the guilt of the pitiful hug he gave his sister ripped what little part of him he had left to pieces. He chose to ignore the small flip of disappointment written in her features he'd caught before it vanished without a trace.

"Have me over soon, I'm *begging* ," Sadie said, smile bright as ever as she looked up into jade eyes that had grown slightly dull.

"If Mom drives you, the door's always open, Sades."

A silent laugh lit up her cheeks, as a hand came up to ruffle her blonde waves in an attempt to make up for the lackluster display of affection moments before. His eyes flickered to his mom, her own knowing smile resting on her face.

"You boys are invited anytime. It was amazing having you," she said, reaching forward to press a kiss to her son's forehead before rubbing his arm.

There was a pause, a pause filled with memories, with laughs, with the definition of *perfection* all over each stroke of consciousness throughout, before she continued.

"We love you both so much."

Dream couldn't speak. How *could* he? Not when the angel of a boy by his side could never be called his again the second the sleek white door closed in front of him, a metaphorical representation of the light *draining* from him actively and ripping him of what the Florida sun, and people prior, could only dream to give him. His mouth opened and closed wordlessly, and he felt sixteen again, lost and helpless in a world far too huge for him to grasp or take in.

"We love you too," George whispered back, finishing the unspoken thought for the boy next to him.

A visible melt was seen on both of the people in front of them's faces, and with one swoop his mother was pulling the brunet into a soft hug, and for some reason he'd never understand, George

pulled her as close as he could as his eyes squeezed shut.

When they had pulled away, it only took a few more moments of goodbyes and gentle words for the final cementation of their fate physically closed in front of them. A literal door that held their moments together, filled with roses and peaches and chocolate and doves and silver and melancholy hope, slammed closed, sealing it's contents inside with it.

And suddenly, it was over.

Dream stood with a mountain of essays written across his tanned skin, periods dotted with the circumference of his freckles and metaphors within his deepset olive eyes, now glazed over with a seal of both fate and fear.

A breath in and a breath out was all it took before George gave a smirk, a subtle one, with more kindness in it than before, but still coy nonetheless. The blonde was brought back instantly to the madness he'd been living just a few days before, in the never ending cat and mouse he'd been playing filled with shy glances and smiles that never failed to burst into laughs.

"One last time?"

Somehow, Dream knew exactly what he meant.

The shaky hands by his sides moved forward just by a few inches, the tiniest of motions of a response before his head made a slight nod.

There was no rush to George's movements as his tilted smile grew closer and closer the Dream's own, and *oh* his hands were on sunkissed cheeks and his back arched in a curve into the chest in front of him. Centimeters separated them, silent breaths passing over and into each other as time itself came to a halt to watch a moon and his almost burnt out star meet for a final time; destined to be separated by their rotation around the astral figure of life.

Dream felt desperate as he took in every last drop of *George* he was given, the kiss being tender, and quiet, for the last time before being solidified into platoncity.

Vanilla, and crème, and strawberries, and cocoa butter, and metal burned themselves on his taste buds in a final triumph of overwhelming sweetness.

Brown eyes opened wide and poured their never-ending light into him once they'd pulled away, a sense of longing behind them was all Dream could pick up in the hazy walls the brunet had put up.

They stood there, the morning sky with birds behind them singing the same songs they'd had for decades being an odd ambiance for them, as they were used to twinkling stars burning across navy streaks of paint and crickets making their own music out of sight behind shrubbery.

Dream couldn't breathe, couldn't properly grasp what was happening to him; how *destroyed* he felt over something made of plastic rather than glass.

He was the one who gestured to their packed car, and led the shorter boy next to him to the passenger's seat, ignoring the hits against his skull at his inability to speak.

Everything thereon felt like routine, robotic, even, as he was going through the motions of driving while the inside of him numbed and decayed from underneath.

It was quiet, at first, not even the sound of shitty pop music with a booming base bumped behind him as it had on the drive up, until a voice, one of a star, an angel, a *boy* who Dream would give

anything in the world, anything as far as he could reach and take and gift, shattered that silent air.

“So,” he started, head turning to stare up at the blond with an unreadable expression on his face, “when are you gonna do it?”

The blond furrowed his brows and gave a breathless laugh, his eyes begging to get pulled off the road.

“What?”

A pregnant pause filled the misty air, as George swallowed and continued.

“You- You know, uh, break up with me.”

Dream’s body tensed, glazed over eyes pupils’ narrowing at the word, something that’d plagued his past and streaked the halls with tears and sorrow, something that had been an enemy to him since highschool years of disgruntled and strained relationships, and something that stirred something so vile within him.

Break up.

It was horrifying coming from George’s mouth. A word he should never have the burden of worrying over throughout his own house of time.

“I didn’t think we’d have to do that,” he whispered, fingers tightening in their place on the wheel. Idly, he noticed his muscles straining to keep their grip.

George folded his arms in his lap, a humorless laugh falling from him before he continued.

“Well, you asked me to be your boyfriend, so you need to break us up.”

Static, black and white pixels overtook his mind, as he tried to swallow down every piece of desperation within him, keeping the life he’d built within a silver garden out of the way of his speech, despite it’s *screams* to be let out, the *cries* to *keep* him and *take* him.

“Alright then,” Dream murmured, readjusting his seat in his chair, as his breath became shakier and full of remorse. His throat constricted in on itself, making his words pitiful to the ear.

“We- We should break up.”

Dream’s chest was so far wound in an unbreakable bind of a heartbroken, lovesick beat, and his eyes once full of so *so* much more than anything of his own making.

A long pause, with regret lacing it’s lining left the pair in silence.

“I guess so,” George whispered back.

Dream glanced out the window, and then to the brunet next to him, giving into the voices, and taking note of where delicate hands used to twiddle on the center console in a sweet sense of fancy free living. They now laid still in his lap, folded together where the roots of playful love had finally made their fall.

The rest of the ride was silent, the light previously resting in Dream’s blood and lungs now dimmed into nothing more than a sea of dark, fully seeped away.

Time had dripped on into the late hours of the night, yet, Dream was still awake.

Awake, and alone, in his own bed that didn't belong to the teenage version of him within his parent's home. And without a beautiful boy in his arms, breath and heartbeat synced to his own.

If anyone were to see him in the state he was, pupils blown wide with an implacable sadness, arms helplessly encircling the biggest pillow he had, and his covers strewn haphazardly over his legs and nothing else, he'd be absolutely *mortified*.

It was so *stupid* how horrible he was handling the first night away from who was to him still his *boyfriend*. An incredibly sad and childish response to something he *knew* was happening; an end he knew a precise date of but had still pretended to be an infinite life of stolen kisses and gentle words.

He rolled over to his other side, arms tightening around the cool pillow, as he realized George was probably doing *just* fine in the next room over. Probably asleep soundly, dreams of plums and cocoa and sunflowers filling his subconscious and not another care in the world haunting him.

It *destroyed* him that the brunet was more than likely okay, maybe even *excited* for it to all be over.

Considering the way he had acted during their unloading to Sapnap, it wasn't a stretch to think he hated the entire situation. Dream's stomach twisted in horrendous swirls of nausea as he recalled the *awkward* air that filled their kitchen.

The marble counter beneath his arms was cold, freezing the youthful tanned skin off of his arms as he continued to stare at the food on his plate in front of him. He hadn't been able to take in the familiarity of his house as he sat with an unmendable gash in the swell of his heart.

"Come on, no funny stories? Nothing?" Sapnap pressed, his eyes focused like a laser on the boys in front of him as the air was filled with an awkward and tense smoke, clogging their lungs and watering their eyes.

Dream blinked a few times and swallowed, before pushing himself to raise his head as something came to his mind.

"Well," he started slowly, eyes regaining the fire that had been planted there from the star next to him, "Sadie had a whole argument with me about who George liked more."

A bright smile took its place on the blonde's face as he recounted.

"And I had tried to say that he was my boyfriend, but she wouldn't have it, and George had laughed and went along with her for a bit, until- until he pretended, like, that him liking me more was a secret, and- and it was so..."

Dream trailed off, spark draining from his body as he finally met Sapnap's confused stare, with his eyebrows furrowed and lips slightly parted. It hit him like a train that the memory was nothing more than fond looks, and a moment of what life would be like if anything, anything was true.

"Alright," the boy across from him nodded slowly, eyes turning down to his food.

A groan ripped from the boy's throat as he recounted the memory, and the lack of George speaking at all, all light and pieces of the beacon he made up being shattered to glass and electrical dust in

front of his very eyes.

The kissing question was somehow worse, if that was at all possible between the entire evening of confusion and hurt swirling in the intense air, and the waves of attacks his heart had taken by accounting the events made his head throb.

“You guys had to kiss, though, right?” Sapnap asked, sending a jolt through both of the boys like that of lightning entirely rocking their muscle and bones with a quick strike.

Kissing George had been a memory of lavender, and honey, and peaches, and gentle caresses, and delicate roaming hands, and oceans of emotions, and ink of himself staining alabaster skin, and evening stars being the approved company, and slow dances, and crickets, and everything he’d ever wanted in a person, in a representation of love and-

“Yeah,” George said, a smirk with dead air behind it painting his face, “Dream was all worried about it and kept asking me a million questions.”

A snicker came from Sapnap as the first smile of the night broke out onto his face in stark clarity from his previous features. It was a burst of hope, clinging onto the idea that everything was still alright between them, everything was okay.

“Based off the smooches me and Dream have shared, he is nowhere near my mastery, so I almost feel bad.”

The blonde rolled his eyes as laughter sent embarrassed strawberries to plant in the curves of his cheeks and the dips of his collarbones. It was nice to have a comic relief back after the intensity of their moments alone without.

“Was it horrible? I bet it was.”

The air fell deathly silent and Dream pleaded to whoever was above that the boy next to him wouldn’t dare let any negativity of their “relationship” drip from his lips. He knew he wouldn’t be able to listen to the destruction of his garden he’d spent ages nurturing to full bloom, as a representation of everything he felt into one symbol.

Slowly, so goddamn slowly, he moved his head to look at George, whose smirk had been whipped away and a blank canvas laid in its wake. Unmoving, and with a head either racing at the speed of light or deathly silent, he let a hand rise to his forehead as his eyes pinched together.

“I’ve got a headache, I need Advil,” he mumbled, standing up in his seat without a second glance or word.

He had recounted it time after time after time, trying to pick up on every hint, every clue the brunet gave him in that entire scene, and came up with absolutely nothing but empty words and broken promises.

How could he feel anything other than the overwhelming grief of a relationship that had been doomed from the start; it’s tombstone clocked and dating from its birth, yet the utter disbelief it could be gone in an instant allowed him to let its roots etch and spread deep throughout his chest and heart.

He sat up, pillow still in his arms (another lousy reminder of how helpless he felt without George by his side), and the light of the stars and moon previously marking his joy and triumphs gleaming duller than they had before.

His mind was brought back to the wedding, as he searched and scanned for *any* indicator, any *answer* to the questions swirling through his brain after finally processing that he would never, *could* never live a happy life without George in it.

What could he do? How long could he go *on* in the sea of hurt and never ending wallowing? What could he hold onto?

It had hit him with the force of a fifty pound weight to his gut, the shock of a bucket of ice falling onto him in a cruel show of mockery, and sent him back to a moment he'd have burned within him forever.

Dream couldn't keep the smile away from his lips as he watched the two dance, his soulmate and little sister in a silly show of friendship through their spins and bumps and chaotic movement to the loud pop music behind them. It was perfect, it was right, just as their slow dances had been, just as their moments spent clung to each other and out of breath, just as his hands on a delicate waist as warmth spilled over every piece of him it could dripping in a clear gold.

"It's about time, you know," a sweet voice rang out in his ear. The blonde whipped his head around to see his dad's younger sister, his aunt whom he'd grown up closest to, compared to most of his other family. Frizzy blonde hair, large blue glasses and a tall slender figure greeted him, the same megawatt smile that had riddled his childhood now before him yet again.

"Audrey," he half whispered, already wide smile pulling harder at his lips as he leaned forward to hug her, laughs falling from her own lips, "how are you? Oh my god it's been forever, it feels."

"Last I remember you hadn't even begun thinking about talking to George and now look at you," she continued, shining eyes sending sparks to his own. He remembered the last time they'd talked briefly bringing up the brunet in a perhaps not so subtle way, to someone who knew what to look for.

"Yeah, I- I guess it has."

A small pause in their conversation allowed Dream to read the thinking on her face, thoughts racing to pull something proper together. It was only a moment before she was speaking again.

"I'm so proud of you," Audrey started, eyes filled with an unreadable mixture of love and something unknown, "for taking the chance you did to tell him."

Dream's eyebrows furrowed together (after mentally making a note to ask how the hell everyone around him was so aware of his feelings before he even was), and opened his mouth to speak before getting cut off.

"I never want you to miss out of something, or- or some one because you were afraid."

Her words were gentle, and an ocean of remorse splashed across his skin and heart as he quickly realized where she was speaking from.

"I was- I was so scared for so long. And- And every single day I regret not telling her what I had felt. What I still feel."

It was a friend of hers, a friendship everyone had questioned for more and fell into shock when they discovered there was "nothing going on". Happy memories with her best friend quickly turned into regret and fear as she watched her get married, build a family, and grow old with someone that wasn't herself. Dream remembered being only a kid when he watched his aunt crumble when she had realized her confession would've come too late.

His heart sunk, as he stared back onto the dance floor, pink and blue lights igniting fires across the brunet's face as Dream caught him mid laugh. He was stunning.

"I'm so glad you didn't take the same risk of losing time that I did," she finished, hand squeezing her nephew's shoulder before he looked back, shiny eyes meeting each other under the dimly lit dining area of the venue.

He contemplated his response, before choking out the only thing he could.

"I am too."

Dream let himself sink into the pillows of his bed, the item in his grip still glued to his chest, as the weight of reality, of the *world* finally set over him as the realization of not being able to live a life without George as his own rang out it's truth.

George with another, in another's arms, with another's family, with another's marks, with another's clothes, at another's wedding, in another's home, with another's children; George spending the rest of his life in another's embrace under the light of the moon.

His throat ran dry, as he blinked away the damp olive eyes in his skull.

How long did he have before he ran out of time?

Chapter End Notes

three more :) very sorry for the delay on this update, i've been swamped this week, but hope to bring another update on monday <3

thank you for 19k hits, i love you all

[my twitter](#)

dreary eyes

Chapter Summary

Dream finds himself slipping up more, and it's not just George who starts to notice. He still can't sleep.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The days following their arrival home seemed plagued with the continuous tick of a never ending clock, reminding Dream that he didn't, *couldn't*, know how much time he had left before George fully slipped through the cracks of his scarred hands.

Every movement, every moment felt like it was an active timer for a bomb that would explode in his face and leave streaks of dark, humiliating marks across his freckles, and it felt like he couldn't stop acting like an absolute *idiot* with all his fucking up.

Nothing he had done, or could even think of doing, wasn't a thoroughly and completely *stupid* idea.

He just couldn't help the mistakes, the flowers he'd grown between the cracked lines of platonicacy and romance sprouting at the exact moments they'd needed to now wilting at the hands of a crushing reality that they didn't *need* to be there anymore; that they weren't *supposed* to be there anymore. No crowd of smiling faces and kind compliments to appease atop a charred stage in a sick and twisted waltz that he'd grown to love more than he could show in the time they'd had allotted.

It was odd, really, the harsh transition from acting a part, honing in feelings that weren't *supposed* to be there and being able to act on anything either wanted, to quitting cold turkey.

But Dream was an *addict*, a reckless heartthrob of an addict who willingly gave away his heroin for the promise that he'd be *normal* again, *okay* again, if he'd just let his drug go.

Of course, it only took hours for this idea to be shattered, the fantasy of being able to rid himself of the blue covering his body gone with a puff of smoke into the air and dissipating into nothingness.

This was *proven* by the words that so casually slipped out of Dream's mouth, leaving red faces and uncomfortable stares between the two as they stood alone in corridors, or Sapnap laughed it off as some inside joke from the wedding he never got to partake in.

"Honey could you hand me the-" Dream had started, eyes half-lidded as he pointed to the milk in the brunet's hand that had now spilled onto the white counter beneath him. Unkind fires burned the timbre of his cheeks as he frantically tried to find something to say to the honestly shell shocked boy in front of him.

George forced out a laugh, an attempt of a smirk sliding into its place on his face as he pressed the carton firmly into the large clammy hands in front of him.

"Here," he gave softly, juxtaposing the blithe curl to his lips.

Or the moments of intimacy that felt like burning magma in all the wrong ways, scarring his skin with boils and blisters of something *forbidden*, under the wrong conditions. The blips of time were sledgehammers to his stomach as the building of days past the last time he'd truly been at peace grew on.

"You're so lucky I'm nice to you," the blond started as he padded across the room to place the cold water bottle onto George's desk, the brunet's headset coming off as he noticed the movement.

"Oh, come on. You'd do it anyway," he responded, head tilting back in his chair to look up at the boy staring down at him. Dream had to stop himself from taking in the view of the column of pale skin he never got the chance to mark as his own.

He hummed back at George, letting his hand slide down the brunet's, about to interlock with dainty fingers when he sucked in a breath at the reality of the moment.

He was going to enclose their hands together. He was going to lean down and kiss his forehead. He was going to let his mind wander through tunnels of sickeningly possessive scenes he'd allowed himself to think up during their time together.

The warm sweetness overcoming the moment had been snapped into oblivion as Dream blinked a few times and ripped his hands from their place on alabaster skin that was never his in the first place.

"I- Uh, video. I need to- to edit."

Unceremoniously he stumbled out of the room in a haze of embarrassment, and fear permanently in his chest.

Every pet name he'd let slip, every moment passed between them where he was back in his childhood home again all collided into a sea of embarrassment and regret of ever putting himself, a known romantic, into a situation that had *one* possible solution, of which involved mourning of a nonexistent love he had never truly held.

Which was why, after a day without screwing up, Dream was able to breathe easier as he settled into the cushions of his living room couch with a bowl of microwave popcorn on his lap and two bickering best friends on opposite sides of the room.

None of them knew *how* it became tradition for Dream and George to take the big middle couch and Sapnap to his own reclining chair, but when things stuck in the household they pretty much became law.

It was late, but to them there was pretty much never a consistent sleep schedule with any of the trio, all hours could be considered early or late to a degree, but late nonetheless, as they tried to settle on a movie of which Sapnap and George both had opposing opinions to (*big* shocker).

"You are so fucking stupid if you think I'm letting you force us on our *Dream Team* movie night to watch *Harry fucking Potter* for like, the millionth time," Sapnap whined, arms crossing as George let out a shrill laugh before fighting back.

"You never actually let us *watch* it! You've seen the movies, what, once through? Dream *always* let's me-"

"Well this isn't 'George picks out a movie while Dream sucks his dick' night, now *is* it? So *I* should get a say!"

The blond's face burned red at the comment, mind racing miles and miles past what he was sure the normal processing speed of the human mind was. With a quick glance it became apparent that both of his friends weren't looking in his direction and wouldn't notice the cherries growing and settling between his freckles.

George stumbled, his own eyes blinking rapidly as if to show how his own brain had stumbled back at the sudden comment, before regaining his ground.

"Well your suggestion was shit! That's not *my* fault!"

"*Ferris Bueller is a fucking classic you uncultured bitch!*"

Dream couldn't stop the laugh that he'd been suppressing for far too long before attempting to catch his breath and make his own peace with his two bickering friends. A jolt of electricity giving him a life he hadn't breathed in, in what felt like months.

"*Both* of you, shut up. *I* think we should watch a *true* classic," he'd started, one hand moving off the bowl in his lap, "Titanic is obviously th- *Hey!* "

The snack previously seated on his legs was now snatched in small hands next to him as a smirk and squinted topaz eyes stared up at him with mischief laid all throughout his irises.

"*George* ," Dream groaned, leaning onto one of his hands to try and grab the bowl from his hands, causing giggles and the boy to press his back further against the couch, lifting the popcorn as far as he could above the blond's head, "give it back!"

"Not until you agree we're watching Harry Potter!" George whined back, shaking his head with a *smile* that made *stars* cloud Dream's vision and fill the room with a radiance of decadent joy, and hope, and-

He sighed, giving an eye roll and resting his full weight onto a locked arm by the brunet's head, before trying to give a response.

"I promise we-"

Before he could finish any sort of statement, his arm was hit where it was locked and he collapsed on top of the brunet who was still laughing underneath him and-

Oh .

Underneath him. George was gripping onto his forearms, letting their chests be pressed together, looking at his face with every drop of dopamine being produced from the giggles flying from his chest, his hands squeezing where they were and *oh god* he was just *perfect* .

Dream swallowed thickly, paragraphs amounting to essays amounting to books on the tip of his tongue as he pushed himself up a little further, letting George's legs entangled with his own as he gave his own stare of honeysuckle sunflowers reflecting off of his own heart to the one beneath him.

"We can watch Harry Potter whenever you want when it's just us, George," he managed out, voice barely above a whisper.

Fondness, actual *fondness* grazed the brunet's eyes as a hand cupped the blond's cheek and *oh my god* he was *here* and everything was *okay* again, and *holy fuck he's so goddamn pretty*.

“You’re such an idiot, sweetheart.”

And he was brought towards their midpoint, George’s hands pulling him in. He was beneath an arch of bells and lilies, he was in a tiny bed desperately clinging onto something he’d almost lost, he was in the hallway of a house that haunted his teen years, he was in the center of a dimly lit reception hall, he was *home*, he was enwrapped in the intoxication of *George* who had always, and forever would be the definition of what *love* was, decorated in moonshine onto dark lakeside nights. They both were leaning in for *something*, for *any bit* of the thing Dream was desperately chasing and he was *right there* leaning in to kiss his-

“Guys?”

Sapnap’s voice was weak, and filled with uncomfortable confusion as the pair snapped out of their delusions.

Mortification ran thick within his skin, his chest, and his head, as he realized he really *really* couldn’t breathe all that well. Dream pushed himself up from where he was seconds prior, mere millimeters away from euphoria in its entirety and everything he’d been wishing to come back to him over the days since the sham of a relationship they’d had, came to an end. A *planned* end, of which he’d *known* about, yet still clung to the string of hope that pleaded everything would be okay.

He couldn’t look at George, not after what had just happened, not after whatever *that* was took place in front of someone none the wiser to how the pair acted in private.

Embarrassing waves of guilt and fear splashed across his hot skin as he desperately tried to rid the air of the grey clouds filling it, quickly, with nothing but his frantic eyes.

Why did George lean in?

Why did George use a pet name?

Why did he seem to care?

Why did he-

“So,” Sapnap continued, dragging out the ‘o’, “Titanic?”

It was a wordless agreement as they silently moved to put on the movie, the only other comment also being from the tall brunet to lighten the air (“Try to stay focused on the plot, and not each other”).

As Dream stared bullets into the TV with his brain filled with everything cold and unfamiliar, he knew he wouldn’t be able to.

From: Nick :P

You can’t keep ignoring me forever dude

It was the sixth text from Sapnap within the past ten minutes Dream had been wallowing on top of his sheets that definitely needed to be washed. The movie was awkward, as it should've been *assumed* to be; jokes fell flat, any sense of laughter was quickly cut off with tense air, the scene with Jack and Rose in their cabin alone was probably the *worst* of it as Dream sat frozen, feeling like a teenager with a school crush after picking the *wrong* movie to see on a first date. It was a *mess*, and the awkward shuffles back to their room sealed their fate in the memories of this hell of a day.

The blond let out a groan, a soft meow coming from next to him as he rolled over closer to where Patches was laying, in between states of consciousness.

He *knew* he'd have to fess up to Sapnap at some point.

Bzzzz

But how could he?

Bzzzz

How could he explain how these feelings had been creeping up his body and around his neck in thick vines with roses disguising their thorns in a devious outstretch of trust and love beckoning him to *give in*, to *fess up*? How could he tell his best friend who unknowingly watched his love bloom into the garden he'd cultivated with his fantasies and denial that it was more than he ever believed it could be?

Bzzzz

How could he let the love deep within his chest and lining his heart in roses of-

Bzzzz

How could there be a sort of-

Bzzzz

How-

Bzzzz

"*Fuck*," Dream muttered harshly, angrily grabbing his phone from its place and thrusting it in front of his eyes to see the wall of texts from the boy across the house from him, eyebrows furrowed in intense frustration.

From: Nick :P

Dream

Clay

Dude

Are you seriously doing this rn

From: Nick :P

U can't keep ignoring me forever, dude

From: Nick :P

CLAY

I'm gonna walk to ur goddamn room.

From: Nick :P

Please talk to me

I know ur not alright

From: Nick :P

If u don't 2 that's fine I just wanna make sure ur ok man

From: Nick :P

You can talk to me.

The full spelling of “you” through Dream for a loop as his building anger in the form of frustrated thorns and overbearing sun rays melted off of his burned skin. He *knew* his best friend just wanted to make sure he was okay, but he hadn't a *clue* how to fix the mess of darkness and sparks that were of his own doing,

Shakily, he let his thumbs trace where they needed to go before he fully decided on what he'd say. An unforgiving dance of

To: Nick :P

Hey

From: Nick :P

FUCK YOU'RE ALIVE

Talk to me man

Dream took a breath, lungs filling with more than just the oxygen surrounding him; he was intaking years of confusion and suppression laced with the loops of milk and honey and lavender all from the same source of topaz eyes that could melt anyone within arms reach.

To: Nick :P

The wedding was fine. It was more than fine honestly. We kept up the whole dating act even when

He paused and let the light bar blink back at him before he swallowed (both his saliva and his anxiety getting lodged in the back of his throat), and let himself continue on a gentle exhale.

To: Nick :P

The wedding was fine. It was more than fine honestly. We kept up the whole dating act even when we didn't need to. And I think I'm realizing I can't live with being just friends for much longer.

The grey bubble signaling his best friend typing appeared and disappeared at different intervals, seemingly trying to put something together in the mix of jumbled thoughts and confusion. It's not like he could *blame* him, it must've been a shock that his two best friends were-

To: Nick :P

Ok well at least you admitted your feelings for him.

Dream blinked.

To: Nick :P

Wdym when you didn't have to

Choosing to ignore the comment about his feelings (how did *literally* everyone in his life seem to miss what he had for so long?), he brazenly word-vomited onto his screen in an attempt to rid the last snakes of anxiety that had wrapped around his stomach wall eating away at the dusty butterflies always on the edge of consciousness.

To: Nick :P

Like when no one was around. He'd still kiss me and do idk couple shit. That's why that thing on the couch happened today. That's how we were all week even when we were alone

From: Nick :P

I mean this in the nicest way possible

Ur absolutely fuckin blind if you think he doesnt like you too

He couldn't let himself dream again, dip his feet into the ocean of realities that would lay in the palm of his hand if George *truly* felt the bursts of supernovas overtop his skin and within his veins and the seeping of tree roots planting within his gut as a symbol of everything *they'd* been, years in the making. He wouldn't let himself fall any further into the pits of drowsy despair underneath his tired eyes.

To: Nick :P

I can't let myself keep falling

From: Nick :P

How much further can u even go before u hit ground

Dream reread the words far too many times, soaking in minutes worth of leaving the brunet waiting on read to try and put into perspective how much there was *left* to even *fall* .

It seemed never ending but it couldn't be, could it? His love for George, sure, but the road to get there? Lined with forget-me-nots and silver lockets pressed to his chest with a field of flowers and a beautiful boy in the center awaiting him?

From: Nick :P

Ok idk where that came from but point is u need to really think about what to do before it kills u

From: Nick :P

And I have a feeling itll be ok in the end

To: Nick :P

Why

From: Nick :P

It always is

Raps at the door caused jade eyes to dart towards the source, mouth opening to form some sort of call to the person he was just texting until a tuft of brown waves peaked its way out from behind the white wood.

Poppies rooted in his cheeks as a drowsy brunet wandered his way to the edge of his bed in one fell swoop. His heart stammered, his chest heaved, and it felt like there was *nothing* he could say to fix the broken pieces they'd caused to form around them.

"Are you alright?" the blond mumbled, a hand scooting next to the shorter's leg as he was given half-lidded eyes up at him.

"Can't sleep."

He knew what he was asking, he *knew* the reason he couldn't sleep the past days had been because he didn't have a warm figure next to him curled by his side, or on his chest, or with breaths synced to his own. Dream couldn't stop the flood of endorphins shoot through his system at the mere *thought* of getting to fall asleep with George in his arms again, the warm light filtering from dreary coffee eyes in front of him only added to the ecstasy he could practically taste.

Dream licked his lips, before gesturing to the empty bed behind him, significantly bigger than the one they'd grown used to.

"Do- Do you wanna stay here? For a little?"

George blinked, a yawn stretching his mouth as he crawled over to the left side of the bed, slipping quickly under the covers in his half-asleep state.

George in his bed, George in his bed, George in his bed, George, George, George-

Mouth dry and chocolate strawberries dotting his taste buds, he slowly climbed over to spoon the boy now laying like an *angel* under *his* covers, in *his* bed, all for *him* to hold.

He waited a moment to let his arms sink into familiar supple skin, before the familiarity of the crook of George's neck came back to him in one fell swoop; one large satisfied wave of *this is right*, *this is okay*.

"Just for a little," George mumbled, almost incomprehensible.

Lavender waves of bellflower overcame his senses, and it took a few more breaths of hopeful devotion before his mind had been calmed from the plague of fear and confusion and put at rest, even if only for a few hours.

Chapter End Notes

im currently moving so if the next update isn't quite as soon as i'd hope (within the week), please give me some grace :) two left! <3

[my twitter](#)

Chapter Summary

Dream realizes his chances are slipping away. He also, still can't sleep. Maybe a glass of water would help.

Chapter Notes

<3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The same glow Dream had grown used to was present in his demeanor when he awoke with a deity in his arms, and a star burning through his blinds.

Despite this, they didn't speak on it.

The hole that was left through his chest had become more noticeable as he *finally* had the thing he wanted back in his arms for a few fleeting moments of consciousness, only for it to once again be stripped from him, ripped away with no mercy for his own already tattered and bruised heart. He was able to feel stable, to feel *okay* for those moments yet again, and just as before it was gone without a trace.

Despite the awkwardness of the first time the three had attempted to do something together, Sapnap and Dream had both grown used to making their afternoon homes on the couch to watch football, and wherever the other two were, George was always close behind.

The key difference was Dream's genuine attention being held, *unlike* a movie he had suggested as the first thing to pop into his head where he was constantly thinking about the tension between the main characters and the wall that had been built between him and the boy next to him.

He couldn't focus today, though.

He didn't feel strongly about either team, his own bets with Sapnap being the only thing making him root for anyone, which allowed his focus to shift and slip more than usual. Of course, pretty green eyes were often drawn to pretty things with sun lace and moon chains respectively, although, what he had noticed was nothing to steal possessive glances of.

Shades of green ran through his blood as he saw familiar rosy cheeks with a wide smile paired with it staring down at the blue light his hands were cradling. Someone was making George *laugh*, but not laugh; laugh in shades of magenta and raspberry with an edge of silver metal against his tongue, laugh with more than just humor behind each note to create a symphony of something unspoken, something *beyond*.

Someone was making George laugh as he did love; a trait Dream had been the sole holder of since the day they'd first spoke. It made him seethe.

“Who’re you texting that’s makin’ you smile so big,” Sapnap asked, leaning over the edge of the lounge chair he was in to look at the brunet. George snapped out of his haze and flipped his phone over, screen down onto the fabric next to him.

“No- No one. It’s nothing.”

Dream scoffed a dark green, vines lined with sharp thorns settling around his throat and chest as hot poison dripped out of his mouth.

“Clearly it’s not *no one*.”

George rolled his eyes, mumbling something under his breath as he tried to grab his phone again, only for the opposite brunet to launch himself forward to grab the top.

“*Sapnap!*” George whined, yanking back what he could of his phone to get it away from the other’s grip, Sapnap kept his barking laughter continuous as he tried desperately to tug the top of the item away.

“*What!* I just wanna know!”

George groaned, using his feet to kick the taller’s stomach as his back fell flat against the cushions beneath him. In a fleeting moment, a last ditch attempt, he tilted his head back towards Dream with pleading eyes.

“*Dream!* Help me!”

He hadn’t meant to look back with the intensity he did; a blank expression with contrasting maroon and viridescent hues biting his edges and anyone who dared make contact with them. Anger spilling through each part of his bloodstream with a dash of lime jealousy as a final kicker was apparent through every part of the blond’s demeanor.

But the second the dandelion and skies faded from George’s features and melted into an odd and diminished grey, Dream wished he could rid himself of the true possession melded together with his flesh and bones.

“Dream?” he asked again, voice significantly quieter. In that short moment of weakened grip, his phone was snatched from his hands into larger ones that then shot into the air.

“*Yes!* Thank you *Dream* for that one!”

George groaned, hands sliding down his face in frustration as red returned to his skin. Dream felt nauseous.

“Now time to see who’s able to make ol’ Georgie here so-”

In the moment he paused, the Earth and time had stopped complete movement.

“*Logan?* The fucking *waiter?* ”

Intense nausea crashed down through his body from the roots on his scalp to the pits of his stomach where thorns and snakes ate away in the seas of acid.

“I- I had to ask him something, it’s not-”

“-You texted some guy you’ve met once, who gave you his number, to just, *ask* him something?” Dream bit out, all inhibition and fear escaping through the panic and contempt spreading into balls

of darkness and fire found in dimmer places than he'd ever care to visit. It was *wrong*, *how* could he be mad at George? How could he be acting this cruel towards someone he'd truly take any arrow or beating for?

The brunet looked shocked at the comment from the blond, as Sapnap handed his phone back and plopped next to him.

“Georgie’s a little shy about the stuff, ask again in seven to ten business days,” he responded, desperately trying to gain hold of the conversation and redirect away from the unspoken feelings and zeal hidden behind glass walls.

Trailing plants of his own tending had begun to squeeze fatally around his fragile beating chest and each pressure point connected to it, as a sick reminder of his resentful agitation, a ticking bomb of which it’s detonation time was unknown and waiting to take the world, and his heart, by storm. He *hated* this feeling. The feeling of dread and rejection being just on the horizon, looming over his head in grey clouds, covering up the beautiful sun he’d wanted to harness and hold for however long he could.

But he was running out of time.

He was missing his chances.

When would he run out of time?

When would he finally slip through the cracks of torn freckled hands for someone else to catch with a desperate haste?

Dream stood up and walked to his room.

His bed; his empty, cold, lifeless bed, had become a recent place for his strongest held emotions. Most of which had been far more negative than he has been used to, with deep hues of apprehension, scorn and a continuous sickness in the pits of his stomach he’d give anything to make disappear for good.

Part way to letting out ugly cries and wails at the rocks thrown at his lovely light of petals and stems, and part way to screaming into a pillow at the mortification he felt by his insane behavior. All he ever wanted was for George to be happy, it was his only goal he’d been so desperate to achieve that he’d failed to realize how real of a chance there was that someone else could do it before he even worked up to trying.

A real chance, of which he loathed just short of the amount he longed for the brunet in every sense of the word.

Patches was at the edge of his bed, blissfully unaware of the war raging on throughout Dream’s brain and body, as she stretched her paws out to curl in yet again.

A small huff of a laugh slipped by the blond’s lips as he moved to pat the bed for his phone. He needed something other than the desperation to have the brunet beautifully laid in his hands to hold and keep until the end of time.

Before he could do much else, the phone started vibrating in his palm and a familiar contact lit up his screen. His heart clenched at the sight, eyebrows furrowing before letting out a small sigh and answering the call. He'd felt guilt biting at his throat at the fact that he debated not answering.

"Mom?"

"Hi Clay!" a sweet voice rang out, static adding a layer of fuzz he had to comb through to hear to the familiar pits of cherries and lemonade under summer sun.

"Is- Is there any reason you called?" He responded delicately, feeling like the same boy he'd been a decade prior, worrying about some grade or team and believing his world had been destroyed at the drop of a dime. Young, gentle, *meek*. Things he hadn't been described as since he was small now encapsulating his being as he clung to the phone.

"No, no, I just wanted to check up on you. Make sure you three have been doing okay with the weather getting colder and all."

Dream swallowed, opening his mouth to give a response of reassurance, something to cover the bullet holes in his skin the very halls of her house had left in him after everything and lull her into believing *they* were fine, before she cut in again.

"That reminds me! How's George?"

The words doused him in ice and volcanic rock as his breath hitched and the world stopped spinning. The simple utterance of the boy's *name* had him undone and back into his crumpled state of gloom.

"Is he around at all? I'd love to say hi."

Dream swallowed, air far too thick as his hands gripped onto the soft comforter beneath him, giving way into their plush fabric to control the years and years of envy, infatuation, fear, elation, and everything in between their tangled mess of daffodils and poison from falling down his throat and coating themselves and his entire being with their intensity.

Opening his mouth to speak but with no words able to arrive at first, he breathed again.

"He, uh, he's busy right now."

The words were silk on satin.

"But he says hi. And that he misses you guys."

The flames of the lie gnawed at his cheeks as sickly sweetness overtook his hearing.

"Oh, tell him he's welcome anytime! I'm not sure if Sadie's mentioned it but she wants to see him again ASAP!"

She added a laugh at the end of her sentence, one full of joy, and content peace. There was no way Dream could ever bring himself to break the crystalline delight radiating from even her words. He pulled the phone closer to his ear and found his own low laughs sounding alongside his mother's.

"Of course. I'll let him know."

The words were barely more than a honeysuckle whisper. A fragment of the love he allowed himself to show off to his family there within the young overtones of his voice for her to hear.

The air was warm and kind, when Dream realized he could no longer force himself into this never ending song and dance he'd been putting himself through. A cycle of torment he'd created by choosing to lock skies full of cosmic deities behind the iron bars of his ribs, for only himself to see in its pure and undiluted form. Languid dress rehearsals prior to remarkable performances so raw, so authentic and unfeigned that they could even fool their scene partner into doubting their sense of self and actuality with nothing more than an exchange of breath.

The blond licked his lips as he glanced to the corkboard above his dresser housing his fondest and most treasured moments in time. Lined with art and notes from his youngest sister, most with little meaning to her but such a resounding one to him, printed pictures and polaroids out with old friends and the spare few with Sapnap he'd been able to take in their time together, it was a nice representation of all things he held to his chest and each person he'd given and would continue to give so much for shown off in some way or another. In the dead center, was the first letter from George he'd ever received, neatly written out in a blue pen with his signature down at the bottom and splotches of blue from where ink had bled or been marked where it was not supposed to be, and the only photos they had together surrounding it.

He remembered the day he'd first received it, the supernovas and neon explosions dancing across his skin as his room filled with the light of the moon and stars; it was the first time George had told him he loved him on paper. The first tangible item he'd had from a boy across an ocean that *proved* that he *cared*.

He'd stared at the piece of paper for what had felt like hours, trying to find meaning in each stroke and mark or basking in the glory of being *loved* by not just *someone* ; by *his* George.

His George.

He swallowed, and was pulled back into the call as his mother picked up the lonely air.

"Good, honey,"

Dream nodded, though he knew she could not see him. He felt like she still somehow knew.

"You both are really lucky to have each other."

He paused, eyes flickering between pictures of cheesy smiles with fluorescent connections and what the blond considered poetry waxed in his name. Things forever sealed within time as precious capsules of petals and memories entwined together.

"Yeah," he responded, something akin to determination producing a deep vermilion to his eyes, "we really are."

He wasn't going to lose to a burnt out star of time.

Eyes of fire and hope of water aside, sleeping was just as difficult as it had been prior to a certain brunet's stumble into his room. With the added layer of constant plans of exactly *how* to go about his newfound resolve being bombarded at him at high velocity all throughout the night, no part of his mind could fully be at peace for more than a few seconds.

It was late, far later than his previous restless nights had been. He wasn't quite sure why tonight

had been different; the moon outside his window held it's familiar glow, albeit dimmer than it had been as of late, the stars continued their continuous crisscross journeys throughout the sky, and the world around him had remained at peace, ignoring the inferno raging within himself.

Yet, the air filling his room *was* different, altered in a way he couldn't articulate, but changed nonetheless.

Water, he'd thought, would help soothe the odd differences in the air of his room. Dream swung his legs across soft sheets before making his way to open his door, warm hand on cold metal in a contrasting twist of energy. He'd made up his mind; he'd get a drink, head back to his room, and halt any and all thoughts until morning, where he could regroup his mind and figure out what way would allow him to-

Dream rounded the corner, sleep being ripped from his eyes as a figure loomed aimlessly against dimly lit marble, topaz being drawn to his own body as if controlled by a magnet.

His chest tightened, swirls of *something*, something peach and mellifluous was flooding him, covering each muscle and bone with a yearning, an *ache* for the absolutely stunning boy in front of him. The garden he'd felt had been destroyed now standing tall with an angel in it's center, halo and wings ready to prove themselves to any who dared glance their way.

"Hey," Dream breathed out, a sucrose smile dancing on the brunet's face as he did.

"Hi," George responded, stepping forward with scarlet across his cheeks.

Breathtaking, thoroughly and utterly breathtaking.

The air fell silent, the pair seeming lost within the continuum of each other, a warm blanket of something greater than them to surpass the space and atoms they made up. Dream broke the air, upon glancing down and sharply inhaling as he realized the large fabric cloaking the shorter's body was a recognizable sight.

"Are you- uh, is- is that mine?"

Cherry pits and wine splashed across his tan features as he gestured towards the oversized and recognizable hoodie clinging to the brunet. He'd been looking for it for a while, assuming it'd gotten lost somewhere on the way back home from his parent's, although, this proved something a little different.

George looked down before giving a soft laugh, and looking up under long lashes.

"Yeah, and I don't plan on giving it back."

The blond nodded, eyes transfixed onto the pale skin just barely exposed underneath deep black fabric, hiding the contents of George like a beautiful shadow from only the brightest of shines. He'd wanted to leave mulberry imprints before things were over and done with, give him an oceanic landscape across the milky expanse that had been open for him as a recognition of what they had, even far beyond what the rest of the world had perceived.

Something intimate, something uniquely *theirs*, dotted with emollient dandelions and heliotrope as a result of stars and light crashing together in a heat behind closed doors.

"Couldn't sleep?" George continued, eyes wandering across the cold counter before dragging their way up to taller's figure. It made him shake.

"I slept better last night than I had in a while," Dream gave, wilted smile and docile eyes pouring themselves into everything of the brunet he was allowed.

The room was quiet again, sounds of unspoken clarifications and lines drawn in the sand becoming an excruciating ring within the taller's ears, as the tension grew far too much for him to handle. Venom had resurfaced onto his tongue, as his body stiffed.

"Logan, huh?"

George's eyes diverted, looking more off guard than anything as a scoff came from his lips. The blond's own demeanor had altered, apparent in his tense lean against the counter, motions rigid as he awaited a dreaded answer.

"You're such an idiot you know that? I *was* asking him something, I just-"

He paused, amber zoning into where his hands were fiddling with each other before looking defeatedly away. Questionable, like he was still pondering the results of that conversation, unlike anything Dream had been picturing the results of the question would go.

"I needed some advice."

Furrowing his brows, the unyielding state of his body finally giving in as he took a step forward, voice uncharacteristically small once again. It was a tender lull only there for one person, and it was that of a seraph with beacons of wings and tufts of russet displaying its defined halo.

"You can always talk to me, if you need someone."

Blithe smile and coy lips were gone, and Dream's heart flipped in its place more times than humanly possible at the *radiance* of a being in front of him.

"It's- It's different," the brunet started hesitantly, fingers fiddling with the ends of his sleeves, almost unable to find the right words or phrases to capture anything and everything he was feeling. Reasons and lines had been blurred, leaving messes of watery ink and permanently dried sorrow in its path. How can you expect to put what you do not understand, you do not have the *capability* of understanding, into words?

"I've been... I'm not sure how to explain it. I think, lonely? That's- That's not it either. Kind of like, a part of me was left somewhere. And now that it's gone, I just feel, kind of-"

"-Empty?" Dream finished, begging for the boy to make eye contact with him, and when he did, *oh*, did he want to reach out and *take* .

"Yeah," George sighed back, voice with the timbre of velvet.

They stared, eyes flitting between features, taking in bottles of everything Dream could reach and gulping them like a breathless and dying man, desperate for his own personal life source. Longing, *needing* , to reach out, to close the gaps they'd left boarded with more than tape and bandages over barren cavities and curves they'd bore into each other.

The words were *there* , the calls, the *pleas* to finally scream to the Earth and her beautiful creations that he was in *love* , he was truly and irrevocably in love with a sublime boy with bones made from lunar rock, muscle of clouds and skin of stars.

Breath catching in his throat after each attempt to *give* up himself and *take* what he needed too, in a fit of blinding desperation he had *tried* until it all became so much, *too* much that-

“Do you think,” George started, swallowing thickly before his wobbly voice continued to stride, “we wouldn’t feel so- so *alone* if we hadn’t...”

His voice trailed off into fragments of what it had been before, an indescribable ache present as the world around Dream spun off into insanity. He was *here*, and he was *voicing* the one though the blond hadn’t stopped obsessing over since his hands gripped his steering wheel in a blaze of anger and torment at the very concept of breaking off anything with George.

Greys clouded his mind as his breathing became shallow, storms of *what if, what if, what if, what if*, stampeding their way through his mindscape as strong hands grew clammy and weak, for he knew he didn’t have an answer.

“My mom called today,” he whispered, finding any words he could and throwing them into a heap, begging them to form coherency.

George looked up, sun in his eyes, with intent and a dim hum.

“She asked about you. Wanted to see if you, y’know, wanted to come over. Again.”

The walls of metal and stone usually built around the brunet had crumbled, smashed into pieces of brittle dust and someone distant in it’s center. Dream could see so much, so, *so* much more than he had ever before in the iris’ before him, swirls of hazelnut and ochre forming oceans of thought, of fears, of insecurities, of that *thing* beyond which he could never place.

“She did?”

His voice came out cracked; beaten and worn.

“Yeah,” Dream responded, mouth still dry and muddled with a confused, thumping chest.

George took a step forward, hand dragging across the marble, and giving a husk of a laugh.

“She was amazing. The whole time it- it just felt, so comfortable.”

The blond’s chest soared, cinnamon and crème swooping in and around the words with gracious loops of drizzles, as the most tender of smiles broke out onto his face.

“I love her to pieces,” Dream started, laughing along with the words, “she makes everyone feel-”

“-At home,” George finished confidently.

The lighthearted laugh was stripped from him as the word *home* settled against his ears.

Brown hair against his chest, blithe kisses in hallways, hands under the edges of shirts in an early morning haze, collapsing into each other after intense days of mental acrobatics, nights spent reeling against cold sheets as hot breath spills between igniting fires that rage wars, whispers and cries of *I love you, I love you, I love you*, as a plea, a *mantra* to never let die; it was all his *home*, a place they could call home *together* underneath the messy strings of the fabric they made up woven together in a sun cycled disaster.

Dream couldn’t respond, his own eyes giving away too much, far too much, a common trend between him and George. He’d always give too much, yet it would never be enough for his own desire to rebuild the world in his palm and place it in George’s heart.

He noticed the sniff as the brunet continued, another piece of the already shattered walls crumbling

to his feet.

“Do you remember when we danced?”

“If I remember correctly, you owe me a dance,”

“I- I do, don’t I?”

A symphony making its way through Dream’s mind had settled in the very front, pounding it’s way to the limit of his eardrums, and he was in a suit with pale skin against his hands and tears embedded into the corners of his eyes. It was so much, all too much in every sense of the phrase as lilacs bloomed once again in place of the rooted thorns from earlier in the day.

“How could I forget?” Dream whispered, thinking not about the space between them rapidly dwindling, the sounds of the lake and breeze in the bushes making up his soundscape yet again.

Silver bells and rings dotted his vision; white suits and promises of eternity and beyond making his legs *weak* and his skin *yearn* all over again in one burst of plum and Saturn’s rings.

...a cold winter’s night covered in scarves and each other’s clothes as he takes a knee and unleashes the sea of love that had been building for oh so long all put into the form of a single cut gem against a silver band-

“I-”

Flowers, chocolate, wine, heat, infatuation, pictures, *rings* -

“I wanted to propose right then and there and none of it was even real,” Dream lamented, voice breaking as the last drop of leeway had left him for a bouquet of astral bodies in its wake.

“What if it was?” George whispered.

Toffee and olive cascading off of each other in a soaring rage, piercing deep within the other in a unanimous question of *is this real* .

Dream’s throat closed, heart in his throat and veins building in an anticipated *euphoria* of hesitancy adorning shades of teal. How could he speak? How could he explain how his chest beat louder than the most booming drum at the very question that was now exploding off of each surface it could reach?

His hands were quaking with the weight of what had been said, the words he’d longed to hear for *years* now amounting to a reality within reach, something *there* and in the form of forget-me-nots and a scarlet desire against his tongue.

“I’m- I can’t keep pretending like I haven’t lost the one thing I’ve wanted for so fucking long,” George continued, shine against his eyes as his own body shrunk, looking frailer with his weakness unabashedly laid out for *Dream* to cradle or destroy. He *trusted* him with the thing he holds closest to his chest, laid out in petals of light and stems of heat.

Dream’s eyes were too wide to move, breath too shaky at the notion that *George* had felt the *same* desire, the same pull, the same *need* for him as he did.

Lighthouses, beacons of *everything* imaginable that Dream deemed to be *George* rained down onto his freckled skin; every ounce of love poured out, and comfort, and whisper, and hold, and night sky they’d basked under together with a united drive to *love* as hard as they could all echoed

throughout the walls of the empty and tired kitchen far too late into the night.

George wanted him.

He blinked, his own tears fogging up his vision of the vulnerable boy in front of him in a dream-like state.

Dream pulled himself forward, removing the pasty hands wiping at his face and replacing them with his own large, quivering hands, keeping what little stability he had left to get his voice out.

“I’m right here,” he whispered, as floodgates poured open and he could no longer hold the strength to keep himself upright any longer, “and I’ve got you.”

A whine, and a beat later, they were desperately clinging to the fabric of each other’s figures, dandelions and roses blooming in droves all at once within the seeds they’d planted within each other far longer than either could recognize. Teardrops of silver and plum amounted to each other, melding into the singular soul they were meant to be after being fractured in time and separated across an ocean of despair. None of it had mattered, none of the forces and challenges they’d had to face and fight to rip the weeds of those evils out meant a thing when they could take, touch, and *unravel* their person within arms reach, and with the tilt of their head.

George pulled away first, roses first taken root in his stomach now up against alabaster cheeks and lithe collarbones, the film in his eyes drawing out his own greens he’d never known laid there. Dream couldn’t bring himself to remove his hands as they helplessly clung to the waist of the boy in front of him.

Still shaking, still just as *young* and *simple* as he’d felt each time they’d been forced to act their parts in their incredible routine for a crowd to see, he pulled the boy closer.

“Can- Can I-”

“ *Please* .”

Dream let his inhibitions and deepest hopes guide him as he dove forward and pressed his lips against George’s for the first time without the guise of an *act* or a *show* being the main focus. All he could *think* was how *sweet* he tasted; that of strawberries and gold, and light, and plum, and lavender. George left crystalized sugar across his lips as he dove in for *more* and *more* to finally have as his *own*.

They chased each other, biting for more, and gasping for breath when they couldn’t take without breaking away for even a fraction of a second. The lost time to nights of despair, and disdain had dissipated.

Dream only pulled away once they both were panting for oxygen without the addition of stardust and honey in the mix.

It was everything, it was intertwined stars embracing each other after being broken at birth, made of the same material and blooming into a flourishing garden of moons and sterling bands.

Dream took in every drop of the star in front of him, soaking in everything he had, gave the most gentle smile a boy could, and vowed, he’d keep this one all to himself throughout and far beyond time.

They were truly meant to be infinite.

Chapter End Notes

no, it is not a mistake there is another chapter left. you'll get my sappy end note there, but for now, all i can say is thank you so much for your patience with me on this chapter. i wanted to give it enough time to make it perfect, but also, life happens, and all the love i got despite the extra week delay was incredible. LOVE YOU GUYS! so, so much!

thank you :) <3

[my twitter](#)

epilogue

Chapter Summary

Silver and lavender hold a much bigger meaning to Dream.

Chapter Notes

all i ask is you read the end notes in their entirety :) enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“That is *not* what happened, asshole!” Dream groaned, hand sliding down his face as the group of friends surrounding them erupted with laughter. The arm around the shorter boy next to him tightened its grip that much as he glanced down at him. A smile of pearls and summer sun gleamed back up at him with a light he’d become accustomed to infiltrating every part of him with each glance, each kiss, each *moment* they’d shared, in swirls of dandelion and teal.

“Really? That is the *exact* way you explained the plan to me!” Sappnap snickered, elbowing the excitable brunet next to him, before taking a slow sip of the soda in his opposite hand.

Shaking his head, Dream huffed a laugh as he was forced to pull his gaze from the angel in his arms, illuminating the room in a simple yet exquisite light of true divination. Karl and Alex had flown out to Florida to *finally* meet the trio all together, first hugs and laughs shared being *long* overdue, but nevertheless treasured all the same.

The two had a unique perception of the relationship that had bloomed in front of their eyes, slowly burning, as it’s embers caught onto the clothes of everyone around them, as they both watched it unfold second hand, through screens, and echoey rooms, and manufactured videos for all of the internet to see. Calls and texts between everyone in the group leading to complicated answers and even more confusing open ended questions, leaving the air surrounding them less of hope and more of frustration for how *blind* their friends could be. Sappnap, for better or for worse, had to watch it unfold *live*, physically, and in front of his very eyes. He’d argue it was a journey of his own confusion as to why two people who’d known him for years on end would never even think of coming to him, even after every step he’d taken to make sure they knew he’d always be on their side. Although, Dream’s denial was the *most* frustrating part, of which he loved to bring up at all hours of the day.

“You’d said you wanted it to be *perfectly planned*, and done without *any* hitches- you would not *believe* the number of times this idiot told me I needed to make sure George was out until seven o’clock, on the dot!”

“We get it, I was a perfectionist with this one, but it was kinda a *big deal*, asshat,” Dream interjected again, eyes rolling as he subconsciously re-gripped his can.

“*What do you mean it’s supposed to storm tonight? I- I checked the weather every day for the past two weeks leading up to this!*” he frantically called into his phone, already shaky hands and wide

eyes only being forced further past their limits. The tight button down felt more constricting, the tie was a snake encircling his throat with the urge and determination to kill, his hands would give out from their-

"I'm practically begging you to calm down, dude. I'll bring him home in ten minutes for this whole thing to start."

It felt like it had been so recent, so *soon* , although, everything felt within reach after he was finally, *finally* with George. Perhaps it was because George himself was in reach, and what other word to describe him was there aside from 'everything'?

"Worked out real well for you didn't it?" Alex chimed in, leaning further into the back of the couch cushions and giving a laugh of his own. Dream sighed, the feeling of rain on his fingertips all over again, with the touch of an icy reality on what he'd begged to be a sunny day.

Sunflowers, sky, clouds, warm tea, chocolate, everything that could possibly represent exactly how George made his insides burst into an otherworldly figure of hope and light, it all was supposed to be here.

They sat in all too tight, all too fancy clothes to be sitting inside of quant bakery, cups of tea and pastries in front of them, passing tangerine grins and caresses with twangs of sherbet and lime at the ends of each curve. The picnic, the walk, it had all been scrapped and thrown out in a last ditch attempt to salvage whatever this was trying to be. But how could a drowsy rainy day ever make up for a literal stroll down memory lane with each and every destination and word meaning something beyond what it appeared?

"This- This isn't what I-"

"Dream,"

His voice clear as day, Selene's graces once again raining upon him with glittering appreciation and blessings. If he looked out the window, he'd see her works holding up the navy sky downpouring onto the sidewalk.

"Whatever, all of this is, it's lovely. Idiot."

George laughed, and even after all of that time, Dream couldn't help but helplessly reel .

"The guy almost didn't, too!" Sapnap exclaimed, once again making contact with Karl before looking back intently at the blond, expecting him to continue, only for George to sit up within the boy's grip and ask,

"You almost backed out? Dream, I am appalled -"

"Oh my god, it's not like that , I- I just-"

Dream struggled to find an end to his phrase without giving away how truly and fully hopeless he was about the light next to him.

"I just wanted everything to be *perfect* , okay? Is that a *crime* ? Come on, now," he finished, tilting his head to George and letting himself fall further into dark oak and sweet glucose.

"You worry far too much," George gave back coolly, his own blithe smile making an appearance amongst his golden glow. The blond knew that much was true, but if the end result was keeping everything he'd ever wanted in a beautiful infatuation to surpass even the seconds they'd be able to

spend within each other's grips, it was something he'd be willing to accept. His flower, his *star* by his side forevermore; how could he foolishly give up such an opportunity on not being careful enough ?

"I was being impulsive, yeah, but a part of me knew it was, like, the right time. Like it was supposed to happen in the mess that it had. I don't know how to describe it right."

"Please, your nice clothes are gonna get ruined like this," Dream started, louder than usual over the pounding rain smacking onto the concrete beneath them. His blazer was held high above him, desperately trying to get the other underneath it.

"C'mon, you know I don't mind. Why would I want to miss being in all this!" George added, outstretching his arms and letting his already wet exterior flood even more. After a few more hesitant seconds, the boy turned back to him, and the Earth and all of her beauties halted in place.

Shiny and sleek hair clinging to his forehead, reflecting more than just the water soaking it, eyes blissed out while closed with the fierce, and raw power of a thousand rays of pure solarity behind them, pale skin reflecting crème and grey light like a dagger through Dream's heart, solidifying his forever place even further into his every being, all of this deity in front of him, right there for the taking, to make his forever, and it hit him that oh, he was desperately and irrevocably infatuated with this boy.

He stood shell shocked, melodies of laughs amounting to songs, and albums, and vinyls of music to the soundtrack of Dream's future, his own jade eyes and now drenched hair and clothes amounting to nothing to his own merit. He couldn't care about anything other than the star burning it's brightest glow all for him to see, holographic edges and a sucrose center.

"Dream?"

"You're such a *sap*, it's endearing," Karl said, pushing himself further against the pillows as a goofy look tugged at his lips.

"He's *my* sap, I'll have you know," George butted in, hand hitting the center of the blond's chest before his smirk from before melted into one of sheer affection. Lavender and lilies overtook Dream's breath as he unabashedly fed every ounce of meaning he had into their gaze, only ever breaking the intensity as the brunet smiled wider, and let a hand slide to his cheek. Cold metal stunned his warm, flushed skin.

"It was perfect, Dream."

"Are you-"

George gasped, as the blond sunk to his knee, eyes still just as wide as they had been as he possessively watched the perfection before him.

"I- This- This was supposed to happen differently," Dream whispered, not daring to break his gaze as a hand dove into the pocket of his pants, "but I just-"

His breath hitched, as cold rain was now meeting warm salt he hadn't realized had clung to his eyes so soon.

Trembling hands, a heart beating with the intensity of a rose not yet wilting, despite the aggressive fight it had been putting up for so, so long, or a fire that had roared for longer than anyone had known, not letting it's final embers and sparks die in the face of fear.

Purple petals lined his every move, as he realized George, too, had silver dripping from his deep eyes. Clinks of aluminum, and an iron promise, lined with eucalyptus and cherry-drenched gazes, had amounted to this moment; in the midst of an unprecedented rain storm, and all of the love in the world centered in one place and time.

"I love you, George,"

His voice broke, the brunet's hands were covering his agape mouth.

"And- and I want to- to keep every promise I've made to you. Far beyond forever."

The black velvet box had, too, been soaked by the storm, yet Dream, with his strong hands trembling in the sight of his star, proceeded to open it nevertheless.

"Can that forever be with you?"

Loud beats of rain aside, the world, his world, went silent, until George moved. A small nod, that grew into a much larger one, and finally a sputtered out "yes" through tears begging to fall over where they belonged sealed their fate of infinity within each other.

Dream couldn't help glancing at the gleaming gemstone against George's hand before returning his gaze.

"Only for you," he whispered back, yet again underneath a thunderstorm and filled with euphoria and the sealed fate of a time transcending love.

Always for you.

The moon looked more than just familiar. The night sky had somehow managed to emulate a memory within both of the pair they had never expected to fully recreate in its purest form.

They'd vowed to each other, promised now and forever to treasure the other with everything that they had, and to keep the unity they had as their most precious possession. Things they'd both individually believed and acted on for years; long, intense years of hardship and total bliss all wrapped into a gift of each other's presence and spirit.

Cobblestone beneath their feet felt oddly fitting, their hands interlocked for them and their garden's beauty to see in it's full essence. Bushes of familiar purples and greys giving a nostalgic aura, even more than what was already present through their beings.

The arch was beautiful, just as they'd remembered it from the hours prior, as they displayed the truest form of love in the form of lifetime promises and goals with for each other, wrapped up in vanilla and buttercream swirls, looping through each letter and coating every paragraph in a sickly sweet representation of purity.

George let go, and ran ahead, staring upwards at the sky's natural life, rather than the artificial glow by their own making, and Dream couldn't breathe.

His chest constricted as *his* person stood against the heavenly light of each and every God he could name, white wool clinging to his arms and back, as his staunch coffee hair lay against the darkness

of the night already.

Dream took a few steps forward, the glistening in his eyes that had seemed to be present all day making their way to the forefront of his presence, and let a gentle hand slide against his waist.

“How about a dance?”

Familiar piano chords rang out as the words were said, but neither of their heads could pull out of the piercing gaze they created as George turned around, succumbing to the large hands pulling him closer with each passing second. He hummed.

“Shouldn’t our first dance be in there, with everyone else?” George coyly gave, smirk evident in his words as his world melted to shades of viridian and gold.

Dream smiled, the warmth built in his eyes about to break at any moment.

“I like this more.”

An unspoken, “me too”, hung into the air, as ivory hands made their way to sturdy shoulders covered by chalky fabric. Newfound camellias bloomed in their garden, tended to with each and every movement and moment, vines winding around their legs and blooms pulling them closer.

Dream studied the brown eyes in front of him, growing shiny again as not only their legs grew wobbly in tandem. Wordlessly, George reached for the blond’s hand, bringing it to his eyes, as every feature on supple pale skin softened, gleam against the riverside within his eyes only growing more desperate as seconds ticked by.

Essence of Luna’s grace soared through Dream’s beating heart as he spoke.

“What?”

George paused, thumb running over the shiny silver, cloudy eyes growing heavier as he gave a husk of a laugh.

“I just like looking at it,” he responded, looking up with the same smile Dream had first felt true, inescapable, devotion for. The same smile present during every trial and tribulation, on their first date, under moonlit skies, entangled in fresh sheets, during each sob, each second of euphoric *obsession* and *possession* ; it was always there, it was a forever reminder of the *beauty* and *magnitude* of the love they had festered together.

“You’re such an idiot,” Dream said, malice off into another dimension of reality, as he couldn’t suppress the heavy tears falling onto his cheeks and pristine suit. George sniffled, pressing his chest flush to the blond’s, amethyst desire infecting their veins, and letting his hands cup the taller’s cheeks.

“Maybe,” he whispered, his own cheeks dusted with roses and morning dew, lips mere centimeters apart, “But *you’re* my idiot.”

Dream had spent years falling, and after tending to a garden of serenity and hope, he’d not only been caught in the hands of a deity, but had snatched the heart and soul of one, too. He kissed him with everything; with roses and thorns, and amethyst jewels, and dreary mornings, and silver rings, and the cobblestone garden walls he’d built by hand, and jokes with no bite, and halls of memories, and those of which they hadn’t had the pleasure of making just yet; Dream kissed who was his, with more than he could ever possibly tangible give in hundreds of lifetimes over.

The moon smiled up at him, as the sun, the form and role he'd been destined to play, smiled back.

Shaky breaths in rose quartz air, as they had *finally* made it, to where they were written in and by the stars to be.

“Always, George.”

He was in love.

Chapter End Notes

firstly, thank you. thank you, thank you, thank you, for all the love and support i've been given on this fic. it truly has been such an insane experience during what unintentionally became such a trying time in my life. from april to october, this concept has always been something i've obsessed over, meticulously planned out, and to see it finally finished and over is bittersweet, yes, but absolutely surreal. genuinely, each and every comment, reply, and dm from you guys has meant more than the world, and more than you'll ever know. i want to reiterate that this piece unintentionally became a songfic, of sorts, with the song "You Are In Love" by Taylor Swift, and i'd love for you guys to listen to it, as it captures everything i wanted to emulate throughout the entire work.

a few more specific thank you's, but firstly, thank you to my absolutely amazingly wonderful beta-reader, and friend, [rey](#). she is credited at the beginning of every chapter, but truly, i would be nowhere without them and their support and continuous addition of commas i manage to forget. thank you, daisy, i love you so much. secondly, to my older sibling, and resource for practically everything, i love you. your support and love throughout this fic, and the insane times while i've written it means more than you know. thank you for everything you do & continue to do. and lastly, to a commenter who deserved shout out a while ago, friendlyreminder. you single handedly would make my day after every update with you beautiful analysis and insanely long comments. truly, you don't know what it all means to me. i've reread all of them many times over, and i wanted to honor the work you put into them here and now. thank you so much, friend :)

last thing, an amazing friend ([kat](#)) commissioned art for this piece, which can be seen [here](#). give them some love :)

for the last time, thank you so much for reading, and i hope you enjoyed the piece as much as i did writing. love you guys <3

[my twitter](#)

edit: i wanted to put this here because he is important to me, and i feel like he deserved to be recognized and remembered in some sort of way for his writing and skills, even if his name has been scrubbed from memory of other works (not mine). to my boyfriend, stick, i love you, and your writing will forever be held in my heart. that's something no one with an ao3 edit button can take away. <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!